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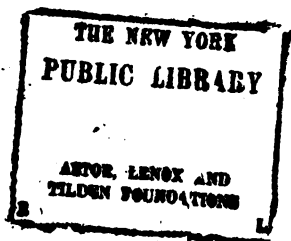


St. Louis
June 1857

1. Wit and humor, American.

~~Per~~ *What is your opinion*

83



81

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227
**AMERICAN
COMIC ANNUAL.**

EDITED BY

HENRY J. FINN,
1

AND ILLUSTRATED BY

D. C. JOHNSTON.



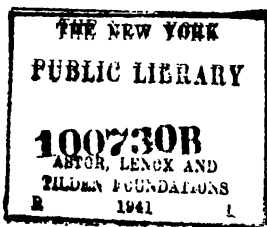
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BOSTON:

RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.

MDCCCXXXI.

MS.



DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the ninth day of October, A. D. 1830, in the fiftyfifth year of the Independence of the United States of America; Richardson, Lord and Holbrook, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—

‘American Comic Annual. Edited by Henry J. Finn, and Illustrated by D. C. Johnston. *Rede si sapie.*’

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;’ and also to an act, entitled ‘An act supplementary to an act, entitled “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”’

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

DEDICATION.

TO MY FRIEND, A. P. U——N.

ALIAS A PUN.

ALTHOUGH the prejudices of the would-be-wise, in matters of mind and things of taste, continue to deny you a legal claim, to wit, the right to render yourself agreeable; and seem inclined to date your origin from the vulgar lineage of Puncinello, yet the sharpness of your satirical productions entitles you to write Gent after Pun. You are as happy in foreign facetiousness as domestic drollery—in the classic jests of Plautus, as in the club-room jokes of Josephus Millerius. Your spirited translation of oriental anecdotes, from the *Sans-crit* of Salam Aliekim, have conferred a more than *nominal* value upon the *capital* witticisms—*fun*-ded by that erudite *Pundit*, and your extensive collection of original conundrums, prove that you are equally happy in that humor which is merely *homes-pun*.

You will perceive with pleasure, that Mr D. C. Johnston, an associate artist, has practically refuted Addison's assertion, that 'A pun can be no more engraven, than it can be translated.' He has *backed* our book with recommendations which look perhaps too much like *puffs*; and I shrewdly suspect, they are intended as a *cover* to his other *designs*.

His personification of the year 1831, compelling the year 1830 to change its *quarters*, betrays a *singular* knowledge of the human *figure*, and the titlepage an intimate acquaintance with every *branch* of his art; yet the public is very apt to laugh at his *graver* efforts.

Although we have just set up in our new place of entertainment, it will be seen that our *signs* are coming down; but as long as *time* remains, they will serve to show that we have *seasoning* for the *plates* within.

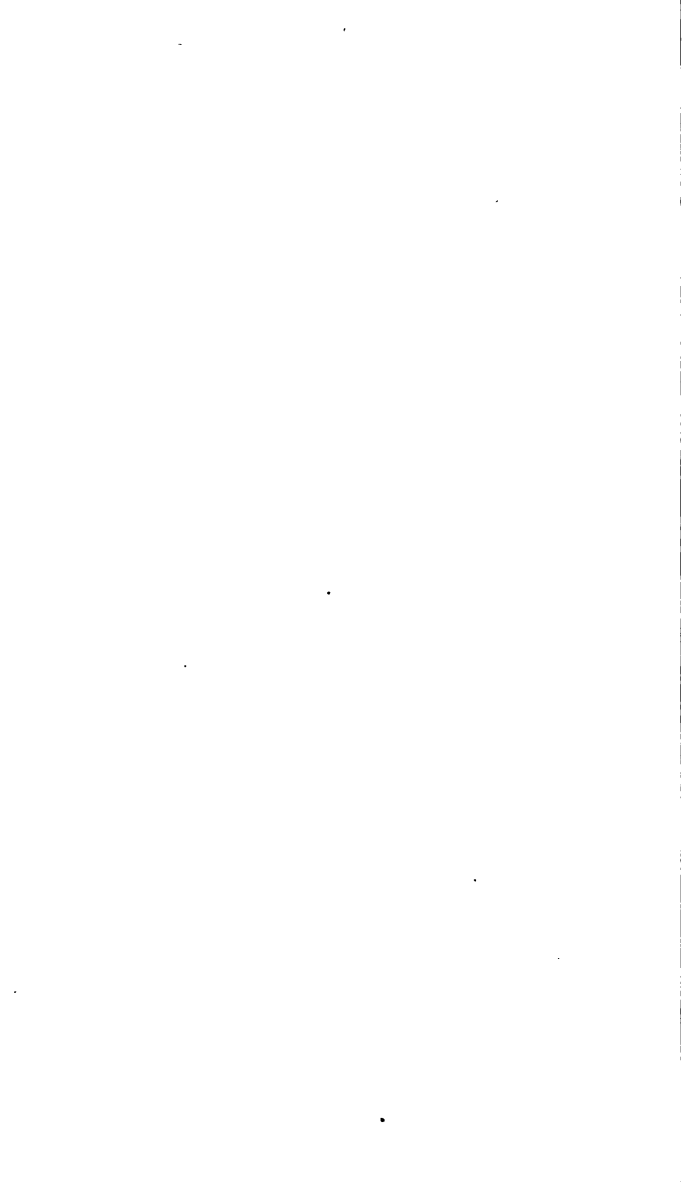
To those invited guests, who have honored us, and furnished forth the richer fare, we tender our thanks. To the decision of our readers, the first *Comic Annual* is submitted most *cheerfully*. Should they discover no *genius* in it, they probably may find it *in-genious*.

Yours, with in-*fin*-ite devotion,

THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E .

If our personal identity with the present work should be doubted, the titlepage will bring our readers and ourself *face to face*: but for fear that our profile should not display sufficiently its *prominent features*, we have added the outlines of a *pre-face* and solicit the reader's *countenance*. We have attempted to produce a free and laughable likeness of things in general, and at the same time, to convey an expression consistent with more important duties. We hope to be forgiven, by the critical connoisseur, for blending the breadth of burlesque with the more chaste proportions of humor. Should our present portrait be found out of *keeping* by our publishers, we intend to sit again next year, and assume a more *imposing* attitude, when *copies* may be taken in any, but *given* quantities.



CONTENTS.

	Page.
A Comic Annual.	1
The Knight of the Lantern Jaws.	5
The Day after the Wedding.	11
A Confidential Epistle.	30
Kicking the Bucket.	34
Job Fustic : the Tale of a Dyer.	40
Sayings and Singings : a Fragment of a Farce.	49
Flower Painting.	60
The Water-Drinker.	64
Ode to the Canadian Giant.	79
The Fate of Genius.	82
The Muses in Masquerade.	93
All Fools' Day.	104
Directions for Dressing a Melo-Drama.	109
A Song all about Phrenology.	113
The Demon of the Distillery.	118
Thanksgiving.	136
The Frog Catcher.	143
The Seven Ages of Intemperance.	160
A Lawyer's Letter.	162

Hot Love is soon Cold.	167
The Haunted Ship.	169
The Romance of Biography.	175
A Collection of Drawings.	177
The Tale of a Dog.	184
Music.	188
On Tailors.	192
A Tale of Love.	197
Convent Scenes.	200
Mike Wild: a Legend of the North End.	206
Song of the Sleigher.	214
The Last Leap.	216

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

A COMIC ANNUAL.

'And this was caused by the contentions between the *Houses of York, &c.*' *History of England.*

THE chroniclers of England have handed down the doings of the good old times—the by-gone merriments of their May-day. But the antics of antiquity were grave matters, when compared to the joyances of the first day of May in New York, when the COMIC ANNUAL custom of removing from one dwelling to another, takes place.

On that day, the maiden Queen of an ancient May-day pageant never danced round the May-pole more feateously, than a modern matron waltzes round a broom-handle. She then becometh a Queen of the chess-board, and the rule of precedent hath con-

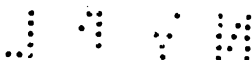
ceded to her the privilege of *moving* into any *square*, or *place* she pleaseth, assuming for her the usual prerogative of the sex, whether conceded or usurped, to dictate;—and wo to the wedded knight, who presumeth to *check mate*!

On that day, the *parvique Penates*, the presiding deities over the goods and chattels of the Manhattoes, bustle about like bees driven out of their hives by smoke, swarming, upon the eve of their migration, to the melody of the poker and frying-pan that sound '*the gathering*.' Day-light scarcely looks upon the city, when mistress and maid are seen listening laughingly to the stories of the carman, who, like a bridge-builder, is preparing to *drive* his *piles*; and then they think of the Roman prophetess, and pay devotion to the CARMEN-TALES, from the first to the fourth *story*.

That day is the jolly anniversary of general locomotion; the laughing birthday of domestic mutability; the yearly holiday of the household gods; the carnival of dusty-carpets, which are, like drugs,

'When taken to be well shaken!'

It is the very festival of furniture, when the lowest deputy of the lowest follower of Day and Martin, is liable to be promoted to the charge of some *high post-bedstead*, and under his management, in the middle of the domestic drama, down goes the *curtain*. Each chamber becomes a club-room, in which every



member takes the *chair*. On the said first of May, as on a fourth of March, the *tables* are frequently turned, *secretaries* are removed from the home department, and *cabinets* lose their places.

Then window-panes and counter-panes are afflicted with a wet season. It is a day of ups and downs, of pulling, packing, and pinning up; of taking, tearing, and tying down. Chimney-flues, and chamber-floors, receive their *sweeps*. Then *executions* are expected in each house, for the paper in the upper rooms, the pictures in the parlour, the bells in the basement story, are all waiting to be *hung*, and the cart is at the door.

But before the maiden mansion with its bridal walls all dressed in white, to which the white-wash brush has given a *carte blanche*, receives company, the overloaded *cart-noir* is accidentally overset in the street! Momus goes into half mourning, lots of little ragged rogues celebrate in merry sadness the scene of *comic annual* mischief, and the injured spirit of one of the *LARES* seems to shriek out, as a stream of molasses gurgles from a broken bottle, 'UBI LAPSUS?' which, freely translated, is rendered, '*Your boy laps us.*'

Then *hogs* have their *essoine*, the *cart-horse* is thrown upon the *curb*, and *clothes-horses* are broken upon the *wheel*. Old jugs, like old jokes, are *cracked*

at their owner's expense, *sofas* lose their *castors*, and *castors* forsake their *cruets*, *tumblers* throw *summersets*, *plates* are *dished*; bellows, like bankrupts, can *raise the wind* no more, *dog-irons* go to *pot*, and *pots* go to the *dogs*; *spiders* are on the *fly*, a *safe* is not safe, the *deuce* is played with the *tray*, straw-beds are *down*. It is the *spring* with cherry-trees, but the *fall* with cherry-tables; for they lose their *leaves*, and candlesticks their *branches*. The whole family of the brushes—hearth, hair, hat, clothes, flesh, tooth, nail, crumb, and blacking, are brushing off. Books, like ships, are *outward bound*; Scott's novels become low works, Old Mortality is in the dust, and Kenilworth is worthless in the kennel. Presidential pamphlets are *paving the way* for new candidates, medical tracts become treatises on the *stone*, naval tacticians descend to witness the novelty of *American flags* having been *put down*, and the advocate of liberality in thought, word, and deed, is *gaining ground*. Then wooden ware is everywhere. Pails are without the pale of preservation, and the Tale of a Tub, at which the washerwoman *wrings* her hands, in *broken* accents tells

‘ ——— Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by *flood* and field,
That wind up the travel's history ’

of a New York COMIC ANNUAL CELEBRATION.

THE KNIGHT OF THE LANTERN JAWS.

'Toe salve offe her fingerre and steale ye rynge,

Soone cam ye Sextone.

She sate up ane ende, ande she gaybe a flynge,

Cryynge "Noe, noe, ye dogge, ye steale noe such thyngt,

Whythe yere rotteye, poleye, gammone and spynnage."'

From ane Annciente Mysterie, ecleped 'Heyghoe ! sayes
Rowleye.' By Georgias Celman ye Youngere.

SIR Percy Skinfint well was known,

In bloody foreign fray—

F'or in Algiers, 't is said, our knight,

Once vanquish-ed their *Dey*.

Sir Percy had a Lady-spouse,

And on her often *fell*-licks—

She like unto a copy was,

Of Percy's *Ancient Relics*.

He looked upon her, as on one

That carrion-crows do scare—

And felt, like Jew that loathes a pig,

A *spare-rib* he could spare.

This knight preferred his pelf to her,
For much he did not prize her—
Which proved, as plain as she herself,
He was a shrewd *sur-miser*.

The road unto blue ruin she
Oft' took, which made him sicker;
But temperate he was withal,
Though he was given to *lick her*.

To her, as to a stuffed nose,
Too many *blows* he gave—
And though her accents were *acute*,
He wished them changed to *grave*.

Full oft he caught her in his *gin*,
Which made his *spirits* grieve ah!
She wished the world was one wide lake,
And that lake was *Geneva*.

He beat and starved her, and she
Grew ill on water gruel—
To see her *spin* and *reel* from life,
His *hank-erings* were *cruel*.

But out alas! how narrowly,
Life's limits they are bounded!

For like her castle, she was *razed*,
The morning she was *found dead*.

‘Last night!’ he cried aloud, and gave
Three groans, or thereabout—
‘It was the *last* she slept at home,
The *first* that she ’s *laid out*.’

‘The funeral cost,’ he said aside,
‘My ruin will complete,
How cheap ’t would be, to wrap her in
A candle’s winding sheet!’

For if there was a far-thing nigh,
His *hands* would turn to *pause*,
And claw it up—in all his *deeds*
Were seen his saving *clause*.

As nails were dear, he *scru*-pled then,
To fasten down his mate—
Denied the worms that were to dine
On her, their usual *plate*.

Then her poor beaten body was
Ta’en to the church’s shades,
And carried from the *knave of clubs*,
Unto the *nave of spades*.

Her doom, beneath the chancel then,
No chancellor could alter;
Her *ring* she kept, a silent proof,
That she was a *still-vaulter*.

The gold ran in Sir Percy's head—
That 's all the brain of some skulls;
To get the ring, he swore next night,
He 'd be among the *numb-skulls*.

Cold as an oyster-bed the vault—
The knight felt chill and qualmy—
For all below were in their *shells*,
And all above was *clam-my*.

Unmoved he moved—though all he saw,
Most truly there did lie—
Though *tiers* of coffins met his sight,
No tears were in his eye.

'Her six-feet-six of deal,' he said,
'To a *great deal* will come,—
The *De'il* take her—I now regret,
She 's gone to her *long* home.'

The clock struck twelve!—it struck the knight,
That *quick-ly* he must bid

The *dead* good day—he shut *his eye*—
And then he raised—*her lid*.

Then like a chess-player that wins
Unchecked the game, elate—
He grinned a smile—a ghastly smile—
And gazed on his *stale-mate*.

And in her features still he traced,
A semblance to the rose—
Its thorns were on her pale, pale *chin*,
Its blossoms on her *nose* !

To amputate the finger, which
The ring would not forsake,
He tried—as men who wont go round,
A *short cut* often take.

She started up, and *verbum sat* !—
He jumped as from an elf;
His *sleeping partner* thought it time,
To—*set up for herself*.

She then sung out—Sir Percy knew
Too well she was not *humming*—
Her fingers fastened on his face,
He thought *old Scratch* was coming.

Down to the earth, in agony,
Sir Percy Skinflint sunk—
His lady had been buried,
When she was dead—DEAD DRUNK.

And round 'the knight of lantern jaws,'
This useful moral lingers ;
If men forget wives' coffin-nails,
They get those on their fingers.







DAY AFTER THE WEDDING

DEATH, MARRIAGE AND WEDDING

[illegible][illegible]



THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

It was a fine starry evening, that same first of May, *anneque domini* one thousand, seven hundred, and —, when Mister Nehemiah Goodale, supported, on the dexter hand by his widowed aunt Abiah, and on the sinister by his widowed progenitor Jeremiah, escorted eke by his brethren Obadiah and Pelatiah, likewise followed, as it were in funeral process, by divers cousins, and relatives of kin remoter still, tapering and dwindling, as the pairs receded, downward to the fifteenth neighbour-in-law of the family of Goodales—it was a charming evening, I repeat, when this array of worthy folk, having peregrinated full twenty roods along a public road, intent on glee, and prone to sober thoughtfulness withal, arrivèd in form at widow Walker's gate. That night, the matron's only daughter, hight Priscilla, was foredoomed, pursuant to arrangements made and settled months before, to take upon herself the enviable duties appertaining to the rank of lawful wedded wife to Nehemiah Goodale, farrier, wheelwright, and chairmaker of the town of Pigginborough. Having reached the gateway, as before recorded, the party were met and

welcomed by the junior parish deacon, Solomon Sniven, who straightway marshalled the procession towards the western entrance, and bade the females 'walk up stairs' and divest themselves of hoods and cloaks and other burthensome commodities ;—whereafter, it was significantly intimated, their presence might be needful in the parlour underneath. The gentry of the gender masculine were shown into a drawing-room contiguous to the *entry*, or, more fashionably speaking, the *hall*—where they doffed their hats, and sighed, and snuffed, and gathered breath—now glancing looks of tenderness, each at the other's aspect, or at the newly planished decanters sparkling red and yellow on the beeswaxed cherry table ; anon, in frame of high-wrought expectation, eying curiously the door through which the deacon's generous and smirking phiz was momentarily expected to protrude.

This was the state of things at widow Walker's, precisely at seventeen minutes after seven of the clock, as honestly indicated by an Ashby timepiece, hanging, like a calf's head and pluck, in the northeast corner of the apartment afore described. The widow's domicile was situate and lying on the margin of the western parish of the town, exactly two and thirty miles and five furlongs southeast by south half east, from the capital of the ancient Bay State, *alias* Massachusetts—the which metropolis hath since been

erected into a goodly city, garnished with granite edifices, and supervised by Mayor, Aldermen, and other official functionaries appertinent to the due ministering both of law and gospel, within the precincts of a regularly built and well-ordered town corporate.

These matters being premised and held in mind, the courteous and complacent reader will please to mark, that Deacon Sniven did in due process of time thrust his visage rubicund and waggish, whereon the blossoms both of time and Teneriffe conspicuously sate, incontinent within the half-closed door already noted, saying in solemn phrase, 'Gentlemen! pray help yourselves!'—Whereat a shuffle, and a stir, and a noise of cut-glass stoppers extracted, and a clattering of beakers, ensued; and at a given signal by the master of ceremonies, the humorous and wily church-dignitary aforementioned, a general rush towards the parlour followed. The female guests had already assembled, and preoccupied every seat of every description—chairs, benches, stools and window-seats—so that the gentlemen gallantly remained upon their original footing, ranging themselves obsequiously behind, and finding a resting-place for their shoulders and occiputs against the whitewashed walls.

It was so decreed, in the course of human events, that the Reverend Mr Switchill, who presided over

the ghostly matters of this particular parish of Piggborough, was, at this extraordinary juncture, lying grievously ill of a languishment, which utterly debarred his usual outgoings after nightfall; and suitable provision against the interruption foreseen and apprehended from this circumstance, had been made by means of an application to Justice Muggle of the said parish, who undertook, in such strait, himself to administer the marriage vows, pursuant to legal and established requirement. The squire, distrusting modestly his powers of recollection, and dreading some accidental lapsus in the discharge of his functions, had spent several previous days in a painful and elaborate rehearsal of the duties pertaining to his portion of the ceremony. He had retired to the upper story of his own dwelling, where, taking as the representatives of the pair to be made happy through his agency, the tongs and shovel from a chimney place, and four flag-bottomed chairs as witnesses, he addressed the imaginary company in a speech written out at full length; and, after a feeling exhortation, pronounced the wedded couple to be twain, of one flesh, by the name of Joseph Tongs and Polly Tongs, whom no man should presumptuously adventure to put asunder. Thus practised, the squire felt himself amply competent to fulfil the arduous task before him; and when the trying moment arrived, his bosom beating with

ambitious thumps, he conjured deacon Sniven to commence by prayer, in conformity with custom immemorial. The worthy ecclesiastical deputy obeyed without demur. There stood the bride, with cheeks all round and rosy, with glossy hempen curls, full cranberry lips, and eyes like the swelling plum, glistening against the sunshine after an autumnal shower. White lustring was her robe, her shoes of red prunello, and on her head she wore a wreath of home-made pinks. And there, too, stood the lengthy bridegroom, as in duty bound, upon his future wife's right side, clad in cloth of blue, with buttons gilt and glaring, brown of aspect, three and twenty years of age, with smooth and sandy poll, the hair drawn tightly down behind, fastened with linen tape, and chivalrously twisted—shining moreover in all the gorgeousness of lard and bergamot; his nether limbs enclosed in straitest vogue of sky-blue pantaloons, ribbed kersey-mere ycleped, and trimly tied around his ample ankles by a broad cerulean riband. Long-quartered pumps, with generous strings in length and breadth, supported all his frame.

The invocation terminated, Squire Muggle was observed to be particularly afflicted with a thickness in the throat, causing much obduracy of breath, and some expectoration. There was a peculiar heaving of the chest, as though some very ponderous burthen

reclined oppressively upon his pulmonary bellows. This, he subsequently assured the widow Walker, was rather the result of diffidence than of disease; for modesty, like sighing and grief, blows a man up—and the respiratory organs always refuse pliancy under a load, either of plethora, or of consciously inadequate responsibility. Of this solemn fact the justice conceived himself duly sensible, as he expressed the preliminary cough of magistracy, and made spasmodic preparation for the legal performance of his modicum of the ceremony. Whereupon he began—‘Ahem!—there was a marriage in—ahem!—in Gallery—no, in Cany—Kenna—’ [aside to the deacon—‘Kenna *what?*’] ‘Kennebunk!’ answered the shrewd functionary, with all due readiness and decorum. With this exegetical correction, delivered in a tone of grave confidence, as one having authority, the marriage rites proceeded, and the remainder was accomplished without further let or hindrance—the Squire making proclamation at the close, in form established, that lawful matrimony had occurred between the parties aforesaid—the solemnization whereof should henceforth be matter of perpetual remembrance in the world, and a warning against the encroachments of evil-doers seeking to segregate and to detach what Heaven, through his agency, had joined together.

Then ensued the currant wine, fermented by the

bride's grandmother, and lickerously seasoned with maple sugar; and then the cake, well filled with foreign and domestic sweets, with citron costly, and with whortleberries last year dried, besmeared moreover with a white and frosty unction glittering to behold, and wonderfully saccharine of taste—with here and there imbedded in the snowy crust, a comfit—some of solid make, embowelling an almond kernel—other some in shape of cockle-shells, inclosing printed couplets brought across the sea, whereon were stamped in tempting lines such poesies as these :—

‘ My love is like the blushing rose,
At night it droops—at morn it blows.’

and

‘ Dear Nancy is my charming fair,
She ’s most exceeding kind and rare.’

Much rivalry and struggle for these inscriptions, and the sprigs of box surmounting all, with here and there a leaf betrimmed with gold, succeeded—desirable by some to dream upon; by others, or bachelors or maidens, to lay aside as precious testimonials, forever to remind the holder of this memorable event, never to recur on this side paradise. These refreshing confects were accompanied likewise with walnuts cracked, and bunched raisins from the realms of Muscadel, and toothsome cheese from neighbouring dairies, and rough-clad pears and apples, the drab-

skinned products of some hard-by orchard. Then followed sports of rustic sort, the fiddle and the dance, and blindman's buff, and hunt the slipper; and deacon Sniven, being cider-fraught, concluded to retire—and justice Muggle, having by chance sustained a labial salute, an accidental kiss from widow Grousel, adipous and able-bodied, likewise departed from the scene. Whereat, the other guests, in seasonable time, sought their exterior garments, and by couples slipped away—also the bride and bridegroom. While lapsed the waning hours in quietude—the calm moon slid along the hollow sky, and mildly dropped behind the earth—and morning waxed apace, and sunrise regularly came.


Nehemiah Goodale had for some years entertained a project, and treasured a determined resolution, at the first convenient season to visit the metropolis, and prove by ocular inspection how true were all the marvellous relations whispered in his willing ear by wide-mouthed travellers. This long desired enterprise had been retarded—first, because Priscilla, deeply apprehensive of temptations not to be evaded by her lover, urged delay, particularly during courtship's happy period; and, second, because the pleasures of the tour might haply be enhanced, and greatly, by dint of a companion. Whereupon it was ordained that early after dawn of the second day of May, then

next ensuing, being the first of their connubial life, the wagon should be made ready, the widow Walker's white and speckled gelding harnessed, the viaticum provided, and the momentous journey, fraught with special circumstance, commenced forthwith. Accordingly, as Mrs Walker's oaken chronicler revealed the seventh hour, sundry nightcapped inmates at the mansion of Squire Muggle, were seen peering forth from the superior casements, drawn thereto by sound of rattling wheels—while Nehemiah's vehicle, wherein himself and bride, and bag of corn and bandbox eke, were snugly stowed, drove bravely down the road, leaving a quantity of wonderment behind.

In sooth it was a glorious morning. The hedges, and the springing grass, were thick bespangled with globular and lustrous gems flashing in the sidelong sunbeam, and shedding from their liquid treasures, as the king of day grew warmer and more thirsty, a balmy and a mellow coolness. The bursting lilac, and the presumptuous peach, from their incipient and crowded blossoms scattered fragrance generously abroad; and the young forest-herbs, clustering around rude trunks of fir and elm and hickory, and peeping above dark layers of seared leaves by wintry blasts deposed, displayed a fresh and soothing smile, like hope upon the visage of despondence. Upon the wild willow's topmost twigs fluttered the adventurous

spring-bird, timidly trying its melancholy note where lately all was raving storm or dreary silence. The husbandman was also abroad—and his fields, or ploughed or harrowed geometrically—or his gardens smoothly fashioned, betokened industry and taste. And, as the travellers drove, and drove, these symptoms of a thriving land increased. More frequent seemed the farms and cultivated spots—the kine more numerous, and the beasts of burden, and the swine, and poultry also—more thrifty too the orchards—and the stony fences more compact and rectilinear. At length, when Mr Goodale and his eager bride, upborne laboriously to the very uppermost altitude of a long and jagged hill, first saw the far-off town, glittering in mid-day splendor, with domes and steeples perforating the clouds, and spars of shipping gathered perpendicularly around the quays along the harbour's marge, and a long-drawn bridge, spanning the silvery wave—at length, I say, when they beheld all this, and more, they both exclaimed, of one accord, 'My gracious!'

And now the tired and striving steed received from Nehemiah's lash the first suggestion of impatience. Never, till this moment, had either of this blessed pair suspected aught of tardiness in their approach towards the capital, nor pondered on the warning given by the descending sun; to wit, that ere some two or three

hours then next to come, it would be expedient for our travellers to provide themselves with shelter. And such impressions even seemed to strike the beast, as now he bounded down the slope, kicking the dust behind, and tarrying only once, where four roads met, that Nehemiah might peruse the telegraphic sign-post at one corner, pointing on this wise, ' *To Boston 13 Miles,*' before they safely reached the suburbs of the capital, where frequently the houses joined together. At this point the bride bethought herself of sundry sage and provident advisements, pronounced by way of premonition, at the outset of their journey, by her experienced and sagacious mother. 'Now mind!' said widow Walker, do n't go near the taverns, with their wicked signs a-hanging out to catch folks unawares—all painted with governors' heads, and crowns, and lambs, and Indian queens, and lions, and such like savage beasts—they'll cheat ye out o' your eye teeth. But go right straight into some clever-looking house, where there is "Boarding and Lodging" writ upon the door.'—Filled with the odor of this counsel, the sojourners plodded through narrowing streets, and lanes beset with buildings that seemed disposed to topple on their heads. Now and then, above the dusky pavement swinging high, they passed some Inn's huge emblem, pictured forth in shape of mermaid, dragon, salamander, phoenix, or

other classical deformity. At length, the blue and crimson luminations of a druggist's shop shone fall across their path upon the very words they sought.

Here, then, they bargained for their temporary entertainment in the matter of food and rest; the landlord kindly volunteering to see the beast accommodated in like manner, together with the wagon. Would that I could abide at this consolatory epoch of my narration! But love of truth, and a regard for detail, to which latter for years I have been accustomed, propel me to my catastrophe. O luckless moment! O unquenchable foible of Eve's legitimate and weakest progeny! Priscilla could not wait the coming morn—She longed to see the sights! The shops were lighted, she urged, and the moon would also shine—and so, at her behest they sallied forth. Ah! miserable example of uxorious acquiescence! But mark the sequel. They moved along the stinted sidewalks, halting at every doorway, and surveying with profoundest interest the various stocks of calicoes exposed, and outspread shawls, and barrels full of sugar, and pyramids of oranges, and teaspoons hung in semi-circles at the windows, and colored prints in barbers' shops, and crockery of China and of Staffordshire. True, they were often jostled—nay, even jeered at broadly; but this they knew not,—so completely was every faculty engrossed, and all consoli-

dated in one wide yawn and stare—in which predicament they moved unconsciously from shop to shop. At length, as they were encompassing a corner, a tremendous swarm of people rushed from a church porch, and the crowd augmenting at every step, Nehemiah clung to his wife's arm like a shark to the leg of a drowning fisherman. But what did this avail? The press was irresistible; and in an evil moment, rather than lose his own arm, the loving husband parted with Priscilla's, fondly hoping the separation was but temporary. Nevertheless, the lass was gone—borne vehemently she knew not whither; and the bereaved bridegroom, with all his lusty efforts, shouldering and writhing and vibrating amid the throng, and shouting, 'Priscilla! Priscilla Walker! Priscilla Goodale!' abandoned the pursuit as fruitless, and betook himself doggedly and despairingly to a shopman's shelf that chanced to proffer its kindly support near by. 'Whoever hath an ambition,' saith the author of a Tale of a Tub, 'to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he hath exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them.' And so thought Nehemiah; but finding his boisterous wailings perfectly unprofitable, his next resolve was to retrace his steps to the place of his departure. It was easier, though, to resolve than to execute.

Meanwhile, by a sort of good fortune, in which it were difficult to decide whether chance or instinct had greatest agency, Priscilla was hurried backward by the current, and fairly forced into the very door whence she had but now made her egress. She was raving for her husband; and the landlord, after essaying in vain to soothe her growing delirium, despatched a messenger to make inquiry for the missing bridegroom. During her ebullitions of grief, it was easy to perceive that love was somewhat sharpened by jealousy; and when the man returned, quite late at night, without success, she fell into an uncontrollable and decided paroxysm of hysterics, and was conveyed senseless to bed, by the hostess and her chambermaids. When morning came, the whole household undertook by turns to comfort and encourage the forlorn damsel. Her spouse would certainly come back—he had an English tongue, and only need to ask the way to Mr Pottinger's, in Blackhorse lane. True, considered Priscilla; but she never took the trouble to reflect that Nehemiah knew no more of this address, than the good people of Boston did of Mr Nehemiah Goodale; and she gradually became so vexed as the hours rolled on, that, before noon, in a state of partial frenzy, she mounted the wagon alone; and, whip in hand, ceased not buffetting the poor animal that drew it, from mere spite, until, dumb and hungry with rage

and disappointment, she reached her mother's mansion. The wooden skeleton of time gave warning of the seventh evening hour, just as she passed the threshold; but the house was void of tenants. Priscilla was aware, however, that arrangements for a family party at the senior Mr Goodale's, to be held that very night, had been in train for some previous time. Yet go thither she vowed she would not. So, making a hearty meal upon the wedding relics, she retired, and mused, and fidgetted, and sobbed, and slept.

The hapless wight whom we left wandering among the crooked ways of a sinful people, half distracted at his loss, and doubly deploring his want of foresight, or of memory—he was doubtful which—in not being possessed of his landlord's name, nor of that of the street wherein he dwelt, kept plodding on, by turns towards each and every point of the compass. Gradually, the scraping of footsteps, and the rumbling of wheels, and the shutting of street doors, and the sound of human speech, grew scarcer and more distant. He had accosted divers people in his wayfarings, with incoherent and inexplicable questions—had thoroughly satisfied himself that importunities of this description were utterly futile; and, as the noise of his heels upon the now deserted flaggings reverberated from every quarter in echoes louder and longer at each successive and impetuous stride, the solitary Nehe-

miah felt alarmed. He had heard of pickpockets, and watchmen, and such abominations, that infest all populous towns at midnight; as ghosts are known to roam through churchyards at that same terrific season; and his heart quailed when he tried to whistle, and found he could not! Presently he approached a place in which candles were burning dimly, and several citizens seemed busily engaged in filling their cheeks with tobacco fumes by means of clay pipes, and puffing forth the same into the surrounding fog;—while others swallowed large potations of some tempting beverage. On entering this assembly, an elderly personage in a triangular hat and bulky hempen wig, turned a very dark red countenance upon Nehemiah, and bade him also partake of this cheer. The half-frantic pilgrim, feeling the necessity of some stimulus to his courage, incontinently commended to his lips the tendered flagon, and imbibed a hearty draught of powerful punch.

The company seeming no farther to notice him, Nehemiah silently withdrew; but, on inhaling the fresh air, he was attacked by a violent and soniferous fit of hiccough, excited, without question, by his lack of experience in the nature of absorbing spirituous potations. He redoubled his pace, but the spasms became more frequent and aggravated—and the brave sensations which now inspired him, he would gladly

have exchanged for some terrifying feeling, that might, as his grandmother was wont to express it, 'scare away his he-cups'—and so, remembering that one method of the good old dame on such occasions was to tell of horrid conflagrations in great cities, he forthwith shouted '*Fire!*' with all his might. Happening at this instant to be near the watch-house that in those days was located in the northeast corner of Faneuil Hall, the town's guardians were awakened by the sudden exclamation; and, sallying forth, they seized the luckless straggler—whose apology, that the cry was vented merely 'to frighten away the he-cups,' added to a certain clumsiness of articulation and flexibility of gait, furnished ample inducement for the worthy and faithful sentries to supply this public disturber with a lodging. Consequently, master Nim, like Campbell's dreaming soldier, 'reposed that night on a pallet of straw.'

The simplicity of his explanations, and the honesty of his aspect, in the morning, prevailed with the watch to let him free; and he recommenced his hopeless task of threading an interminable labyrinth, in pursuit of a spot he could not describe, and of a person whom nobody knew. Near noon, as he was posting along in all the restlessness of despair, a female voice pronounced his name. The sound 'came o'er his ear like the sweet south' upon a bed of carrots! Let the

complaisant and sentimental reader take sufficient time to comprehend the strange sensations that then began to ferment and riot within the spacious breast of Nehemiah Goodale! From whom should the voice proceed? 'From Priscilla, of course,' replies the anxious reader, as if by instinct. But it was not Priscilla—it was Mrs Rebecca Sniven, the worthy consort of the herein immortalized deacon of that ilk! She had come to town alone, on a singular errand, touching matters of much moment; and, after listening to the doleful story of Nehemiah's sufferings, she offered him, by way of solace, a seat in her chaise, and a passage to Pigginborough that very day. This was embraced, and as they wended homeward, the deacon's venerated lady recounted some extraordinary news to the astonished Nehemiah. Thus it was: the eminent success of Justice Muzzle in his essay to administer the vows and fasten the bonds of wedlock, had stimulated him to the solicitation of further practice—as well as aroused in divers persons of both sexes a lively sense of the facility thus afforded in the way of securing help-meets for life; and after some brief but urgent entreaty, the philanthropic magistrate had brought about a matrimonial engagement between the elder Mr Goodale and the widow Walker. In consequence of this unexpected and hasty willingness of the latter, Mrs Sniv-

en was dispatched to town, having volunteered on this occasion, with funds and orders for the purchase of sundry ready-made articles of dress—and the marriage was to be celebrated the very next night.

With a sorry countenance, nevertheless, Nehemiah again alighted at the mansion of his father, where he first obtained information of his wife's return, and of her bitter affliction at what she termed his abominable desertion of a new and loving wife! how she had threatened to tear out his great white eyes and all his yellow hair, untwist his queue, and comb his head with a milking-stool! Not caring to encounter a tempest of this character, the way-worn husband postponed his perils to the following day—when, as it were with a twentyfour-pound shot in his stomach, he faltered up the avenue leading to the widow Walker's. No sooner was he discovered, than Priscilla bounded from the door, with open arms and a gladsome laugh, exclaiming, 'O my dear, ugly, dear hubby'—'O Prissy, my darling love!' responded Nehemiah;—and this is the proper termination of the tale, according to all regular and approved models—bating the declaration of the bride, that she should never have spoken to her lawful lord and master again, if Justice Muggle had not been engaged to officiate that night at the wedding of her mother and his father.

A CONFIDENTIAL EPISTLE,
FROM MISS GEORGIANA JOSEPHINA GERANIUM, AT SAR-
ATOGA SPRINGS, TO MISS HARRIET HOLLYHOCK,
NEW YORK.

AUGUST first, Eighteen hundred and thirty—
Front chamber—up stairs—the Pavilion—
Safe from mud roads, and stages as dirty—
(One sometimes *must* mix with the million)
We arrived a week since, but the waters
Create an unpleasant sensation—
Fathers differ, you know, from their daughters.
Pa' says, they 're a great *relaxation*!

Pa's so vulgar, I blush for him, and
I wish he was off to New York;
He eats fish without bread in one hand,
Nor in t' other a large silver fork!
He dips his knife into the salt,—
Wears anti-square toes, with white tops—
Likes to drink nasty essence of *malt*,
And hates all our evening *hops*.

I've just seen the elegant G—
It was at the confectioner's store,
We had tiffed, for he flattered Ann D—
On the dowdyish dress which she wore;

But I thought it too cruel to seem
Out of sorts, so I ventured in boldly ;—
While he asked me to take an ice-cream,
I thought that he *treated* me *coldly*.

He presented me *comfits* and candy ;
And I'm candid enough to confess,
That he cut, for my sake, a pert dandy,
And that fright ! who I mean you can guess ;
And those gawkies, they miscal the graces,
Mistress Munch and her three may-pole misses ;
So, for fear I should laugh in their faces—
Stuffed my mouth with a few of G——'s *kisses*.

What a pity Miss Greenhue wears yellow—
That *that* match would be off, I foresaw ;
And her hat too—she *will* wear a willow !
How much better she 'd look in the straw !
Then her neck, like the neck of a stork—
O call at my bookstore, and tell 'em
To send Byron's life—and the work
Coming out by the Author of Pelham.

Hairdressers are all horrid here,
One's frizettes they do nothing but spoil—
You *can't* think what virtue, my dear,
Is in Bear's grease, and Maccassar oil.—

With whiskers all over his cheek,
I met that conceited ape, *Jabez*,
And no longer ago than last week,
His face was as bare as a baby's!

At six I went down to the Spring—
He was there—and had been up since four;
The dear creature, though hoarse, tried to sing
The meeting of the waters—by Moore.
Then how charming the birds and the beaux;
And the sound from each throat that oft follows!
In the Pines, to hear caws from the *crows*,
At the Well, see the number of *swallows*!

It would make you so nervous to hear
Ma' attempt to speak French! t' other day,
In the garden G— chanced to be near,
When she snatched from my hand my *boquet*.
I winked, and made signs, and cried 'Hush!'
And away I endeavoured to pluck it:
He 'd have seen, but for rouge, a deep blush,
As she said, 'Sir, accept of this *bucket*!'

I am quite at a loss what to wear
At the ball to-night—plague take the fellow!
I wish G— had *not* sandy hair—
By the bye, sand quite ruins Prunello.

I 'm so wretched I scarce can proceed,
All my happiness, Harriet, has flown ;
Ne'er so much did I sympathy need,
For—I 'm out of Farina's Cologne !

P. S. I 've eloped with, and married
The elegant red-headed G— ;
To what place your poor friend has been carried,
By the dreadful mean post-mark you 'll see.
O Harriet, I 'm in a sad hobble,
And a cruel mistake I have made ;
For my *Greville* turns out to be *Gobble* !
And Gobble's a tailor by trade !



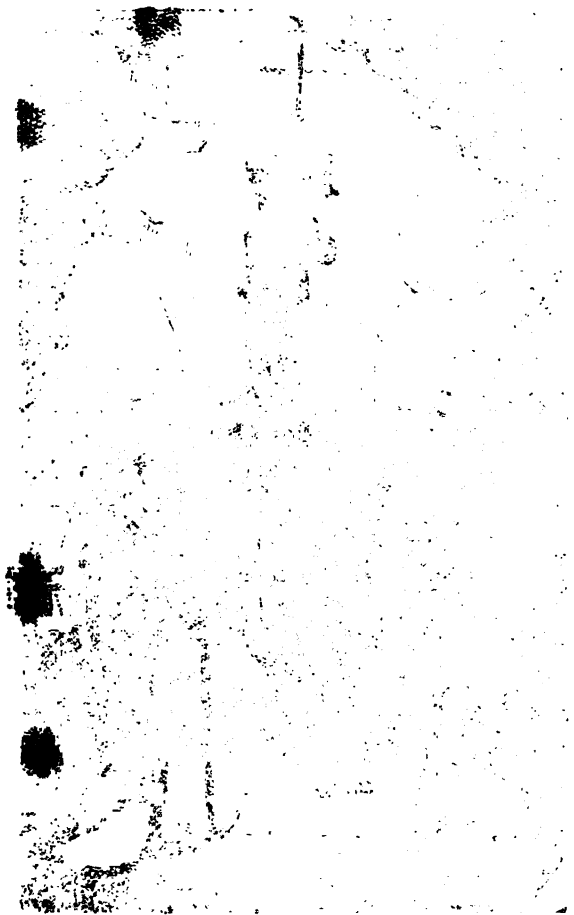
KICKING THE BUCKET.

‘Macte virtute esto.’

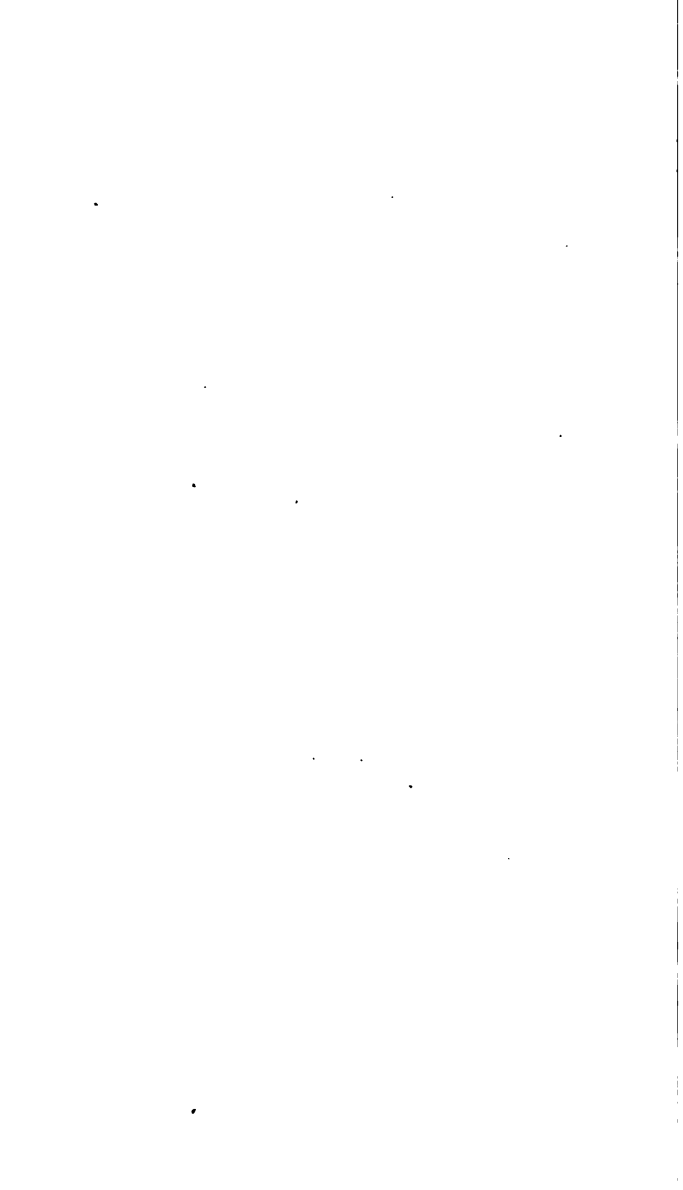
My father, who was a clergyman, inducted me early into a knowledge of the classics and of times remote. From my advance in learning it was predicted that I should become a schoolmaster, at least; though the prediction was defeated by my impatience of confinement, of which, however, I have since had my share.

My father spoke so well upon the reasonableness of religion and the importance of virtue, that I resolved to be virtuous after the heroic models of antiquity. The classics relieved me of some inconvenient prejudices, and led me to esteem myself a man accountable only to myself, and the standard—that is, my own standard—of right and wrong. When an action seemed at first to vary from this, I had the ingenuity to reconcile them at last; and by practice this became quite easy.

Though I regarded Hannibal as a very ‘pretty fellow,’ I could not forgive his enmity to the Roman nation; for I loved the whole race, from Romulus downward, and lamented that I was born twentyfive



KICKING THE BUCKET



centuries too late for that celebrated affair with the Sabines. I was favorably struck with the picture that Cicero and Sallust had drawn of Cataline,—*alieni appetens, sui profusus*; and in Clodius, too, I found something to admire and imitate. But I never much admired Æneas, who rescued his father from the flames, while I abandoned mine in the smoke. With the Athenian, who was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, I was equally bored in seeing Æneas always named the Pious.

I had a Roman reliance on Fortune, though, like a general with the omens on his side, I omitted no honorable means to secure the victory, and therefore to favor the designs of Fortune;—before I threw the dice, I always loaded them.

I loved a horse, and in my days of glory bestrode a crop that the old Greeks would have wiped their eyes to see. I have read of a virtuous prince, who made a consul of his horse—I would have shared the empire with mine! and I have seen a senator who knew less than that horse when to put in his *nay*. Alas! why did I not live in the Olympiads? I should have survived in history and poetry; for Horace himself says of a good whip, *evellit ad deos*!

It was at an early age that I left the paternal roof, to wander, like Alcides, in quest of adventures. My father had, for some slight and common offence, inflicted upon me, with a birchen twig, the punishment

of Marsyas. As far as I can take the trouble to remember, it was for borrowing a few of his medals of Ferdinand VII. At midnight, therefore, taking his watch and a bag-ful of the medals, I abandoned the Penates.

I had always been fond of pyrotechnics; and from squibs, the taste so grew upon me, that, like Nero, I could relish a conflagration. I therefore applied a torch to the parsonage house, and walked away by the light of it; but, turning at the last point of view, I received a double pleasure in seeing the flame reflected from the water.

'Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.'

Having snatched this fearful joy, I hurried onward, well knowing that my father's regard for me and his affection for his gold watch, would cause an immediate pursuit; and had I been overtaken, he also had enough of the Roman to play Brutus with his son, and to improve on the past, by becoming executioner as well as judge.

I had but begun to move, when I was startled by a scream that gave life and motion to every hair of my head, though courage and confidence returned when I discovered only an owl in the branches above me. I felt it a good omen, denoting the favor of Minerva. Thus can a great mind turn everything to advantage;

and thus Scipio, when he fell upon an invaded shore, wrested the fall in his favor, by exclaiming 'I embrace thee, O Africa!'

The moon shone out long enough to disclose my own shadow on a rock, and the finger-post to Simsbury Mines. I instantly moved off in another direction, for I was never fond of mineralogy, though I have since acquired a smattering of it in hammering primary rocks at Charlestown penitentiary.

Fortune led me to the city, and merit procured me friends. There I married a lady who was figuratively an heiress—*Dos magna parentum VIRTUS*—for she inherited from her mother a disregard of popular prejudice, that was to me her greatest attraction, though, had she lived in the Roman Commonwealth, she would hardly have been selected to watch the flame in the temple of Vesta. Sometimes I called her my Circassian, and at others she was better described as a Tartar.

She incited me to industry, but it was followed by misfortune. Truly did a great man in English history say, 'It is not the bee but the wax that stings;' for I dropped a bit of wax under my father's name, that I had written without orders, and the effect was wonderful. It was a matter of interest to the whole country. Twentyfour grave men met to discuss it, and recommended to twelve others to make more particular inquiries. Two of the greatest orators in the State

quarrelled in the face of the assembled county, only because they differed in their opinion of my motives; and a stern man, before whom I stood like Caractacus before Claudius, told me to carry my spirit of 'free inquiry' to the Simsbury Mines, though he knew, as well as I, that they were composed of *trap* rock.

This incident gave me a dignity in my own eyes that I had never felt before. To visit these subterranean abodes had been the lot of but a favored few,

' Pauci quos æquus amavit

Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.'

And, on entering the shades, I had one satisfaction that was denied to Orpheus,—it was certain that I should not there behold my wife.

It was the saying of a foolish old Scythian, that the laws are like spiders' webs, which catch only the smaller flies, while the larger break through and escape.

Were this true, I should now be upon the surface, for it was in defiance to certain municipal regulations that I descended; and as I thought it might be for the good of my country, I went into the bucket as fearlessly as Curtius plunged into the gulf. The sacrifice seems to have been duly appreciated; for I was clothed in a robe of honor, of which one side was yellow and the other green.

It is this point in my history that the artist has illustrated by a sketch, though the legend has not been

of my selection, and I owe him no thanks for a flattering likeness. But fidelity is better than flattery, and I never thought myself handsome.

‘*Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus.*’

It was no place for the study of astronomy. Argus himself could not have seen a star, and the statue of Memnon would have made no sound at the rising of the sun. Nevertheless, the change might, I thought, do well for my health; for, if Antæus, I reasoned, gained strength by merely touching the earth, how strong might not I become from living in the very bowels of it!

We were so far Antipodes, as to be directly under foot, and this Troglodyte life became, from habit, almost tolerable. But I was cramped for room, and required the expanse of a Kentucky cave, where I might run under ground like Alpheus.

These dark abodes were so favorable to thought, that I had no need to put out my eyes, like Democritus, that I might the better think. Much thought produces doubt; or why should those who think the least, be most obstinate in opinion? I reflected upon the classics till I began to doubt the wisdom of their lessons; and I thought so much upon a passage in the chaplain’s book—‘I understand more than the *ancients*, because I keep thy precepts,’ that I feared, like Brutus, I had chased a delusion, in pursuing *virtue*.

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JOB FUSTIC: THE TALE OF A DYER.

A DIRE AFFAIR.

JOB FUSTIC was the very merriest dog,
Of any in the city ;
He never cared for fog
Or failure ;
And as for moping melancholy,
He thought the thing all folly ;
He knew no definition of a ditty—
But then among the wags and witty,
Upon the whole, he'd nail ye !

Job was a dyer—
A very dark and reputable calling.
His uncle Hezekiah,
To save him from the jail
Into which Job was falling,
Had suddenly turned pale,
And sunk ill
Upon the bed—from which he didn't rise :
But ere he closed his eyes,
'My dear, wild Job,' he cried,

‘Being about to part,
I leave you everything in my black art—
Grow steady, my dear boy,
And, Job, to dye be always ready.’—
Job mumbled out, ‘Ay, ay!’
And so his uncle
Died.

Finding he was past taking color,
(And not to tire,)
To keep himself from growing duller,
Job buried Hezekiah.

Now, working at his trade,
Our wag had quite a fortune made;
And not to do himself to death,
Grown stout and short of breath;
Went to his dye-house only once a week;
For, independent as a Greek,
He cared not when he rose
Or went to bed;—
And such a curious life he led,
Being for Orthodox no stickler,
He thought it not partic’lar
To mention at what time he’d dip the clothes.
So at all times of night
As well as day,
His customers would come and make such fray,

As any common man would fright,
Though dull-eared,
Merely to see
Who should have precedence
In being colored.

Grown patient of the noise, Job never chid
Or even woke—
Or, if he did,
He never spoke.

At length, by some reverse
In pot and purse,
Job, feeling rather sickish,
Determined to relinquish—
For, hark'ee!—not to flatter,
This rainbow kind of life,
Together with his wife,
As plain as any glass could speak,
Told him his business every week
Began to take the coloring matter
From either cheek.
So, finding by good chance,
A little nervous man of France,
He took an opportunity to let
His house,
And, still as any mouse,

(After the hire)
Without a notice by Gazette
Or crier,
Or any other way,
He took his leave one day,
And moved up street, a few doors higher.

Job felt a wicked fun
To think he had not advertised—
Thought he, 'As sure as gun
They 'll make a clatter—
He 'll be decidedly surprised!
Lord! how they will bawl
At this poor devil of a Gaul!—
No matter!'

It happened about twelve o'clock,
Or thereabouts,
Monsieur awoke—
He listened—there were shouts,
And then a knock!
And after,
A rattling peal of laughter:
At last one spoke.
'Halloo! there—master Job—
I've travelled half the globe
In trying

To find some reasonable dog
To do my dyeing—
And so your memory I have come to jog.
Get up—if you 've a soul! '—
The Frenchman doubted,
But thought it best upon the whole
To out head.
Just then another luckless wight,
Who came that night,
Commenced as usual at the door
To cry, 'Job! Job!' o'er, o'er and o'er—
'Confound ye, Job, why do n't you come!'—
Was still the cry:
But Job was very slow.
'I tell ye, Job, I want to know
When you intend to dye.'—

Monsieur felt very sick—
His sight grew thick.
'Die—die—Messieurs! Mon Dieu!
I mean no die!—parbleu!'
'Dye blue!'—another cried—
'There, Job, you lied:
Come—no excuses borrow,
You promised me, you sinner you,
You would dye black to-morrow!'
The Frenchman felt intrinsically numb—
He thought his time was come.

Another fellow with his bundle came—

A witty one, and lame.

‘Good Mr Fustic,’ said this one,

‘I’ve hither run,

Half limping and half flying,

To know what time, to-morrow, by the sun,

You will be dyeing.’—

The Frenchman smote his bristling head,

Thereby to see

If he might dead

Or living be.

For though these calls in daylight might be civil,—

Just at this murky hour,

They had the power

Poor Monsieur’s nerves to overwhelm :—

He thought each mother’s son of them

The Devil.

Another fellow came.

‘Good Mr Job—if that ’s your name—

I call you solemnly,

Get up and see

If you as well as not can dye for me.’—

That ended,

The case was no wise mended,

When quick another cried,—

‘Lord bless us !
He is ’nt worth the winning—
I saw him when he dyed,
No longer than three days ago—
How he would dress us !
He cheats !—ay, say I told ye so—
His life has been a black, blue, purple sinning—
He cant dye decently !’—

This, certain, was high-toned—
The Frenchman groaned.
Another came in haste :—
He said he had no time to waste,
‘But all, friend Job, I seek,—
Now no denying !
Is for you just to put off dyeing
Until next week.’—
As you would probably have guessed,
The Frenchman acquiesced.

At last a noisy fellow
Louder than all the rest did bellow,
‘Be ready, Job, now by the Old South’s chime,
To dye in seven hours from this time ;—
I give you a fair warning,
You laughing, wicked, lazy, colored rogue,—

(This was but half the catalogue)

'T is your last morning !'

This was enough !—

Indeed 't was shocking !

For a lean Frenchman, made of penetrable stuff,

'T was sorry joking.

He felt that he was going,

With some rapidity ;

And knowing

The only way to be

To save his life,

Was calling to his wife,

He naturally fell crying,

' Ma chère ! ma chère !

Vill you be slow come here,

I dying—dying !'

His wife was lame—

Of course it was some time before she came,

And when she did,

She heard some fellow at the door,

In accents surly,

(And not to let the truth be hid

'T was Job himself—alone—)

' Why, Job—you certainly are coming on—

'T is what you never did before,

(And then he swore)
You never used to dye one half so early!—
The Frenchman went to bed,
And charged his wife, when next those devils came,
To stop their cursed crying,
To tell them to the head
That he was dying—
Or, what was just the same—
'T would be a miscellaneous kind of lying—
That he was dead!







SAYINGS AND SINGINGS

SAYINGS AND SINGINGS;

A FRAGMENT OF A FARCE.

CHARACTERS.

OLD MOLASSES. Gross in person, formerly grocer in trade ; tired of, and re-tired from, business—who thinks that his *son* shines, and builds castles in the *air*.

CAPT. MANDEVILLE COCKAIGNE. From Lunnun ; a pretty-considerable Traveller ; a collector of Fiction, and recollector of Fact—smiling on the Yankees here, and sneering at them at home ; the personification of a steamer, upon the low-pressure system, that sails across the Atlantic, for the purpose of issuing smoke, in two thick volumes.

DOCTOR QUACKENSQUASH. Bonesetter to the Behemoth, the living Skeleton, and a line of stages ; sole inventor, proprietor, and vender of the celebrated patent medicine '*Mors omnibus communis*.'

MASTER THOMAS MOLASSES. A promising boy, who wants to perform, with nothing in his head but a violent cold.

MRS MOLASSES. Mistress of House and Husband.

MISS MEREITABLE YELLOWLEAF. Lean and literary, suspected of contributing an Acrostic to an Album, accused of pencilling her initials on the Table Rock at Niagara, convicted of revising a charade for an almanack, and once found guilty of a re-bus ; possessor of a ten-dollar prize medal for the best address upon the opening of a New Tea-Caddy, rather anti-matrimonial, and skilled in *RIGHT KNOWLEDGE*.

MISS CELESTINA MOLASSES. Only fourteen years of age, who plays all the new lessons, sings all the new songs, dances all the new cotillions, reads all the new novels, follows all the new fashions, and is all in all with all her relations.

THE MISSES ANGELINA, BETTY, OLIMPATRA, MAGGY, SOPHONISBA, MOLASSES, 'en suite;' five feminine steps of the family ladder.

Ladies and Gentlemen—by the rest of the Company.

SCENE, the Parlour.—TIME, Evening.

[Mrs Molasses, Miss Yellowleaf, Dr Quackensquash, and Capt. Mandeville, discovered at a Whist-Table. Old Molasses in one corner, persuading Tommy to speechify. Celestina sitting on a sofa, with downcast eyes, fixed upon an indelible-ink drawing, of a heart with a dart, on one corner of her cambric handkerchief, while she listens to a young gentleman, who touches upon the following abstruse topics; the state of the weather—reports of matrimonial engagements, matches broken off, ditto consummated;—to all which she responds one monosyllable in two hours.]

Miss Yellowleaf. O do let us hear him, sweet little fellow!—I admire 'Collins's Ode on the Passions,' of all things.

Old Molasses. Come, Tommy, my dear—now do n't be bashful—you must show the company how well you can say Mr what-d' ye-call-em's ode in a passion.

Capt. Mandeville. A-a-a it stroikes me, that *that*, that you manetion, his the hode about hangger and

'ope and 'orror and rewenge, you know. I 've 'eard Mrs Sitdowns hencor'd in it, at Common Gard'n, and Doory Lane—in the 'ight of 'er poplarity, you know. Bōy the boye, hall the hacktin' in Amareka, is werry 'orrid—you 're honely in the hinfantry of the 'istory-onic hart, you know. Your preformers never haspitate the haitch, in sich vords, for hinstance, has hink, and hoats, and leave hout the w in wice and wanity, you know, and make nothink of homittin the k in somethink.

Dr Quackensquash. Well now, Cap'in, I swan, you John Bull chaps beat all natur. I have an idee, you kinder guess you are as cute as the leetle eend o' nothin sharpen'd, jest about. But it 's my notion your sturgeons never sot a bone, nor redooc'd a fractur by the rules of elbow-grease and gumption.

Capt. Mandeville. My friend Sir Hashly Coopar, who is at the 'ead of the maidual faculties at 'ome, you know, is decoidedly of hopinion, that fractions should nevar be redeuced, till after the bone is broke. But, as my French friend the Marquiss of Pomedetear used to say, *Revenongs nose muttongs*. Now for Moster Tommy's racitation. I have seen Moster Baitty the young Rowshus, and I loike pre-co-shi-os-i-ty, you know.

Miss Yellowleaf. I am glad to find, Captain, that you are partial to the march of intellect.

Capt. Mandeville. If there is any march I loike better, it is the Dook of York's. You 'av n't sich millenary bands 'ere, as is to be 'eard at Saint Jeemes's palace, you know.

Miss Yellowleaf. I hope the charming child has read my last work, called 'Lispings of Literature, or every Infant its Instructor.'

[Old Molasses drags Master Tommy *vi et armis* from a corner, into the middle of the room, where he stands with his head on one side—chin alternately resting upon the right and left clavicle; forefinger of the left hand thrust into his mouth, and pulling down the corner of his lower lip; the right arm and hand adhering straight down to the side as close, to use Dr Quacken-squash's phrase, as a '*sturgeon's splint*.']

Old Molasses. Now, Tommy, you know as well as can be, that you mus' n't stand with your fingers in your mouth. How often must your mother tell you, that this is always the way to stand, when you 're a going for to speak a speech.

[Old Molasses then places the left arm of Tommy in the position of an obtuse angle, closes the hand, and attempts to screw the knuckles into the hip. The right arm is made to resemble a pump-handle fainting.]

Old Molasses. Now, ladies and gentlemen—ah-ah!

do n't scratch your head, sir. Ma', I wish you 'd speak to the boy—he won't do as he 's bid.

Mrs Molasses. My dear, it 's no use—something or other has been running in the boy's head all this blessed day ; [*handing the cards to Dr Q.*] Shuffle 'em for me, if you please—you 've spi'l't the child by indulging him—Sophonisba, sweetest, you 're scratching the leaf of my work-table with those scissors—do n't you know it 's mahogany, my love ?

Old Molasses. He 's got a very bad cold, and stoppage in his head ; but the company will excuse that.

Dr Quackensquash. Well, now—come to think on 't—I partly guess as how 'baccar 'intment 'll cure that are. S'pose you try it a spell, 'baccar 'intment beats all natur, I tell ye now, for the cure of—

Capt. Mandeville, playing. The curse of Scotland, but now for the hode, by Master-a-a—his name is Timothy, I believe, mem ? [*To Mrs M.*]

Tommy. Lo it is! 't—by dabe ail't Tibothy, it 's Tobby.

Old Molasses. Suppose you blow your nose, my son, before you begin—where 's your pocket-handkercher ?

Tommy. I hav'l't got lul.

Old Molasses. The poor child says he has n't got none.—Miss Yellowleaf, will you be good enough to lend him yourn a minute ?—he 'll give it you agin.

Capt. Mandeville. Talkin' of handkerchaws, it 's a

pity you try 'ere to make cotton goods. They cawn't bear a caparison vith hours at 'ome, you know. Ve hexels hall the world in malefactures.

Dr Quackensquash. But then, Cap'n, I finally conclude, when it comes to pungkin-pies and axe-handles, and sich notions, we Yankees can beat you by chalks! [*counting the cards*] we 've got all the tricks I guess.

Old Molasses. Now, my son—if you get out, Miss Yellowleaf 'll promp you.—Jest tell him the first line, Miss Yellowleaf.

Miss Yellowleaf. '*When-Musick-heavenly-maid-was-young.*' Now say after me, there 's a dear! When—

Tommy. Whed—

Miss Yellowleaf. Mu—

Tommy. Bew—

Miss Yellowleaf. Sic—

Tommy. Sick—

Dr Quackensquash. Who 's sick? guess I can cure 'em.

Miss Yellowleaf. Well?—

Tommy. Sick-well—

Mrs Molasses. Oh! fie, I'm ashamed of you. I heard him try to say it, and I was obliged to lay him across my knee, and whip him at that very part.

Capt. Mandeville [*inquiring for the trump card*]. What was it you turn'd up, mem?

Miss Yellowleaf. Come, darling—[*aside to Dr Q.*] did you ever know such a little dunce? [*to Old M.*]—He'll make a smart man, depend upon't, Mr Molasses—Come, once more, my dear. *When Music heavenly maid was young—*

Tommy. Whed, bewsick, heavily, bade, wus, yug—

Old Molasses. What d' ye think o' that, Doctor?

Dr Quackensquash. Well—it's my notion that beats all natur.

Miss Yellowleaf. Now go on, love—*While yet in early Greece she sung—come,—While yet in—*

Tommy. While yit il-il-grease—

Mrs Molasses. No, darling; you've left out something—'While yet in' what Greece, dear?

Tommy. Candle-grease!

Miss Yellowleaf. No, dear—what do you do when you get up soon in the morning?

Tommy. Why first I—

Miss Yellowleaf [*hastily interrupting him*]. You get up early my dear. 'While yet in early Greece she sung.'

Tommy. She sug. Oh! Ba—there's by sister Bag, drilkil all by lemolade.

Miss Yellowleaf. I think it would be too fatiguing for Master Thomas to repeat any more at present.—The company must be convinced, that he exhibits

very extra-ordinary abilities—and though parents in general are accused of predilections, which evince an excessive degree of partiality, by attaching too much consequence to the first flights of juvenile genius, yet our good friends here form a happy exception to the rule; for the child really has such natural talents, that there is no knowing to what elevated situation in society he may arrive; but I may venture to observe, without incurring the imputation of egotism, that his style of pronunciation would be materially improved, by an attentive perusal of the tenth edition, with additions, now in press, of my last work called ‘Lispings of Literature, or every Infant its own Instructor.’

Mrs Molasses. Can’t you say the rest of the ode, my dear?

Tommy. Lo, I calt—ald I wolt.

[He runs to take the glass of lemonade from his sister Maggy,—she climbs into a chair—he follows—a scuffle ensues, which terminates in a tumble by Tommy.]

Tommy. O dear—O la!—O my—! I’ve put my lee out.

Old Molasses. O Doctor, my child says he’s put his knee out!

[A general alarm—genuine or affected.]

Dr Quackensquash. Well now it is my notion I can put it in agin, jest *as slick as grease*.

Mrs Molasses. Gracious me! how he has torn the knee of his best trowsers.

Dr Quackensquash. Well—let's have a look whar you've put your knee out.

Tommy. Here! dolt you see? my paltalools is split, ald so I've put my lee out of 'em, he! he! he!

Dr Quackensquash. Well—that beats all natur!

[Tommy's cunning is universally admired as a mark of cleverness.]

Mrs Molasses. Why, I think it was rather a bright thought for a boy of his age: yet it has made me *so nervous* you can't think—but there's nothing like a little music to compose one's spirits. Mr M—, my dear, can't you prevail upon our Celestina to favor the company?

Miss Celestina. La! ma, how *can* you, when you know I'm so hoarse, and out of practice?

Old Molasses. O, come Tinny, give us a toon. I'm sure you ought to be good at music—for I gave you no less than a quarter's schooling on the P'ano Forty, at *Madam—Sham-pig-nons*—and took you to hear the Signoriner, twice at the Eyetalion Uproar.

Capt Manderville. Boye the boye, Mieuseek is at an 'orid low hebb ere; because you 'av'n't not no sich singers as our Bray-em and Madame Cataline, nor

not sich foine musisioners as ve gits at our Brum-majum festiwals, our consorts—and roarytoris, you know.

Dr Quakensquash. Well now, Cap'n, I'm sart'n you'd change your notion 'bout them folks, ef you could jest be by, and hear our tarnal nigger Josh whistle 'hoe corn, dig potaturs.'—Why do you know I cur'd that are crazy crittur of highdry fobey when he had ben gov over by six reg'lar doctors? and jest by steamin on him! ef I did n't ther's no snakes. For St Anthony's fire, now, or what the Lat'n doctors would call Persepolis, steam beats all natur—I tell ye.

[Capt. Mandeville hands Miss Celestina to the Piano, and the music stool to Miss Celestina. She takes up, and puts aside a dozen music-books, having duly turned over every page, and advanced the following objections to each.]

Miss Celestina. *That* I hav n't practis'd—*that's* too difficult—*that's* so old fashioned—*that's* too high for my voice—*that* I've sung so often—*that* I'm sure you would n't like, &c. &c.

[At length, Robin Adair is decided upon. During the song, the company, although unanimous in their solicitations for it, pay the customary, but questionable compliment of listening most *in-attentively*—some talking for their own amusement, others endeavouring to manufacture a second to the song.]

Miss Celestina [*sings*].

* 'Whats-theese-dull-tow-un-Tommy?

Tommy. Watchew want?

Miss Celestina [*continues song*].

Raw-haw, be-heens, naw-hot, he-yer.

What-wawst-I-weesh't-toe see?

Raw-haw, be-heen, ah-ha, day-er,

Whe-ers all thee j'y and mirth,

Made thi-*his* tow-un a Have'n on erth?

Ho! they-*er* aw-hall, flay'd-with thee,

Raw-haw, be-heen, ah-ha, dayer—

Cætera desunt.

* The reader, by taking the trouble to hum the air, will find the song, as sung by Miss Celestina, in strict conformity to the modern mode of musical accentuation—and if said reader has an ear to 'catch the idea,' it will be discovered, that such a *stress*, like a legal seizure, assumes the character of a *dis-tress*.

FLOWER PAINTING.

A MOORE-ISH MADRIGAL.

—‘ Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell ;
It fell upon a little Eastern flower,—
Before milk-white, now purple with Love’s wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.’

Midsummer Night’s Dream.

WHERE the land of the Moslem sustains the Serai,
And beauty reclines in a region of roses—
There lovers steal under the moonlit sky,
While the song of the Bulbul in silence reposes.

In the youth of the May-month, when dawn was just
blossoming,
When light’s in its loveliness—morn in its joy—
In a garden all beauty, its flowers perfuming
The pure breath of heaven, there wandered a Boy.

It was Love ! but his lips were seen sullenly pouting,
The smile had departed that dimpled his cheek ;
He looked as if Venus had vexed him with flouting,
And he sighed from the heart—you’d have thought
it would break.

To meet the light footsteps of Zephyrus, came
Young Flora, the queen of that world of sweet flow-
ers ;

She had chosen Love's arrows, had cherished his flame ;
So the boy was no stranger to Beauty's green
bowers.

'Why so sad, little cherub ?' said Flora to Love.

'For worlds,' whispered Cupid, 'I would not now
miss thee.

I have slept, and I dreamed of a face in yon grove !

Do but trace it from fancy, and, sister, I'll kiss thee.'

'My pencils are lost, and my colors have faded—

My palette and easel are broken, fond minion.'

'Ah! befriend me, sweet Flora ; come, come, be per-
suaded,

And pencils I'll pluck for thee out of my pinion.

'On this fair marble tablet imprint the first lines

Of the picture—and I will arrange all the tints ;

For nature shall perfect what genius designs,

And the likeness, dear maid, you must catch from my
hints.'

Then lightly young Love winged his fanciful way,

As a butterfly floats on the breath of a breeze ;

And he culled the bright flowers, from stem and from
spray,

But the mischievous boy never gathered '*Heart's-
ease*.'

'Here's the *Valley's* soft *Lily*, so pale and so pure,
For her stainless forehead, though far less fair;
And her azure veins, the blue *Violet* sure,
Shall copy as clear as the cloudless air.

'I'll press from this *Rose-bud* a crimson stream,
Giving life to her lip, to her breath perfume;
And these virgin *Snow-drops* will aptly seem,
Like her teeth, that are bathed in the *Rose's* bloom.

'Now place on her cheek the downy peach pink,
And cluster the *Grape-vine's* tendrils there—
Where her glossy ringlets wave on the brink
Of the blush, that is born beneath her hair.

'Now the *Persian Iris* shall furnish forth,
The darksome orbs of her eyes' deep hue;
And to light up the gems of such matchless worth,
We'll take twin drops of the diamond dew.

'The *Ladies' Mantle* her form shall deck—
And *Venus' Comb* shall her tresses crown,

And *Pearls*, as rain-drops, to grace her neck,
Which sleep on the blossom that's newly blown.'

And more had he said—but the face, sleek and sable,
Of a *Nigger* popp'd in, since the fact must be told—
And the Black-a-Moor cried, '*Massa, dinner on table—
If you no maka haste—Whuy you chops he git cold!*'



THE WATER-DRINKER.

‘The most eminent physicians are full in the opinion, that nearly every case reported of death, from drinking *cold water*, is, in fact, a *death from drinking RUM*.’—ESSAY ON INTemperance.

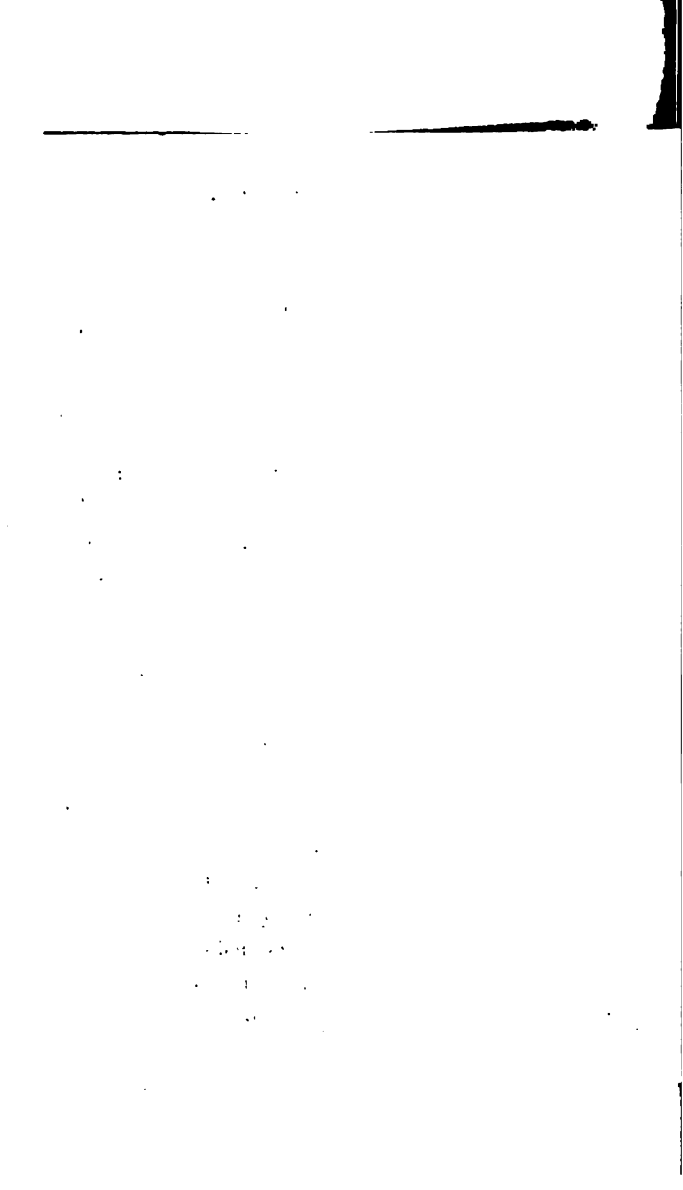
‘BLESS my soul! four more laborers killed by drinking cold water! These Temperance folks are too rash! I declare it frights me!’

These words came from Mr Jonathan Sucker, as he sat in the bar-room of a country inn, reading a morning paper. ‘Cold water is a thing I particularly admire; but folks should not be too rash. The *chill* should be taken off.’

‘That’s what I always told you,’ replied an old fisherman, with a face as red and hard as a lobster-shell; ‘your great folks that talk so much about cold water are never killed by drinking it; it is always the poor laborer. It is n’t right. That are is not my way!’

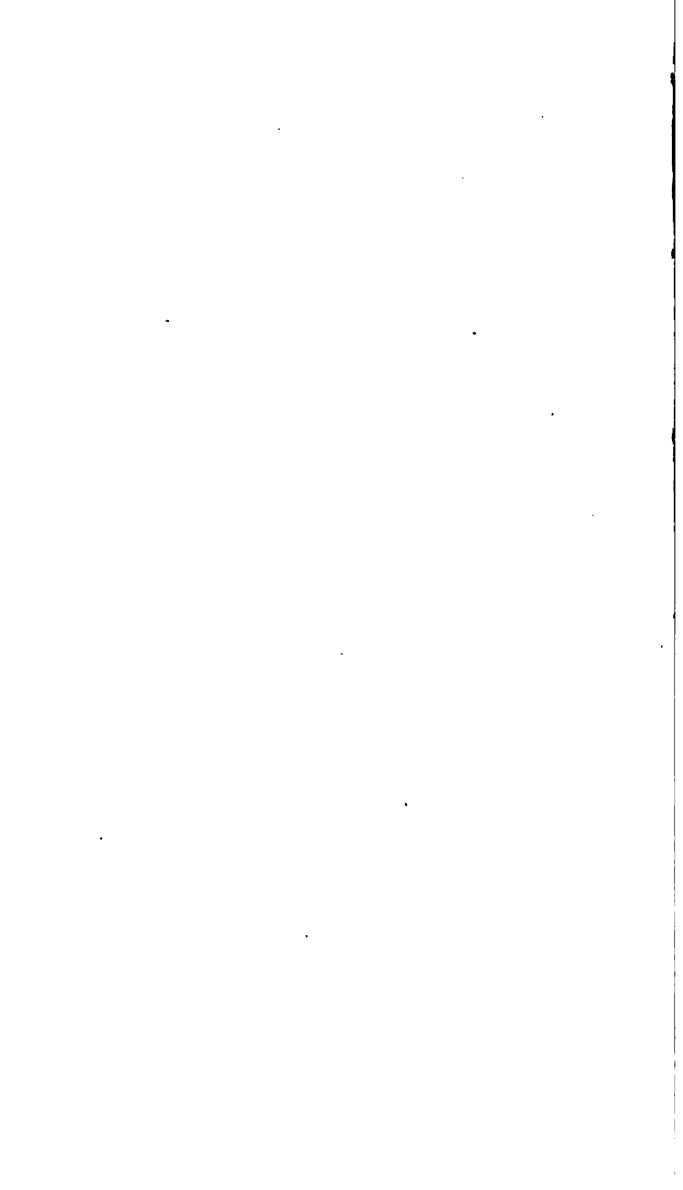
‘Captain Jerdan, you mistook me. I was always for cold water—but never for an excitement. When they asked me to join their Temperance Society, I implored them to keep cool. Gentlemen, said I, be

—





THE WATER-DRINKER



moderate. Do n't go too fast. Cold water is a thing I have recommended all my life. Ask Captain Jerdan, the fisherman. He will tell you how I have cautioned him against the bottle. The captain, says I, drinks too much. They call him Junk-bottle Jerdan.'

'Junk-bottle or no junk-bottle, I pay for my grog and I mean to drink it. As for my killing myself with cold water, I won't do it. That are is not my way.'

'Captain Jerdan, I have been a water drinker all my life. I have drunk—bless my soul—enough to swim your craft! Nothing in the world is so refreshing as cold water. I could drink now—I dare not say how much. Appetites should be restrained. It does not do to be rash. I *know* it.'

'Mr Sucker, do n't talk to me about water. I am a fisherman, and live in it. Look at my fingers, and see them growing together like a duck's. I know the nater of this ere water, and I do n't let it get into my stomach. That are is not my way.'

'Captain Jerdan, you cannot beat me out of my opinion. There is nothing so good for the stomach as cold water. I *know* it.'

Thus spake Jonathan Sucker before the assembled patrons of the Punch Bowl. There is something in the history of this enthusiast that may well be told.

Jonathan Sucker was the last remaining scion of a great family of Suckers, which once overspread the

country. But the fever of emigration carried off a portion of the stock to other parts. The Sucker of whom I speak, descended from a branch that had early been transplanted to Boston, where it flourished for a time as if it would overrun the town. But at length this great family became reduced to five persons, only one of which belonged to the ruder sex. The four Misses Sucker died in single blessedness—not from any lack of suitors, nor yet from a settled hatred to matrimony in the abstract. They merely would not be induced to *change their name*. ‘Mr Leach,’ said the last Miss Sucker, ‘your eloquence subdues my heart, but I cannot yield up the name of Sucker—not even for that of Leach.’ Thus their brother Jonathan was the only survivor of the race. He married the amiable Widow Sear, but the union was not auspicious. They had but one child, who was called Sear Sucker, after both his parents; but death soon nipped his shoot. Thus had the geneological tree of the Suckers—

—‘fallen into the *sear* and yellow leaf.’

It is astonishing how soon an ‘old family’ will run out in a new country. In England, now, the Suckers would have held on to eternity.

The last of the Suckers was a tailor by profession, or rather by birth; for he stepped into his father’s

clothes by inheritance. The same shop, the same bench, the same measures served for both. He followed on in his parent's exact steps, neither moving to the right hand nor to the left. The fashions of the father's day were not so current in the son's; but Jonathan was obstinate, and refused to alter. He thought the world might as properly conform to his views, as he change to theirs. Therefore he scorned to yield one jot to popular opinion. He persisted in cutting his clothes in the old fashion. As well might you drive a camel through the eye of a needle, as persuade Jonathan to push *his* through a piece of cloth not shaped in the old way. For instance, fastening up the pantaloons by *suspenders* is of modern date. Formerly the garment was kept in its place by the waistband, which came tight around the body, and divided it, as by a hinge, into two distinct parts, like a wasp's. The old customers of the shop idolized this fashion; but it did not please their children, who would be wiser than their fathers. The latter did not wish to have the folds of their linen puff out between their upper and nether garments, as from a joint in a coat of mail. But Jonathan would humor none of their whims. He declared he would starve, sooner than yield to the world's caprice. 'I have enough,' said he, 'for a decent support. If the new generation will make apes of themselves, they shall not have my aid and

countenance.' How many are there like Jonathan Sucker, who had rather give up all business, than change their 'rules' and fall in with the turn of the times!

I have said that Mr Sucker clung to older fashions with all a leech's tenacity. Would that his patrons had possessed the same generous consistency. But alas! such was not the fact. They sought 'new born gauds, and gave to dust a little gilt, more laud than gold o'er dusted.' Still Jonathan persevered, and saw customer after customer dropping away, with stern indignation, like the Jews in English history, who permitted tooth after tooth to be extracted, rather than part with their treasures; but, unlike the Jews, he did not finally yield to half of his patrons, what he had refused to retain them all. His opinions were his own, and he prided himself in opposing innovation.

His father had been a very temperate man, and so was Jonathan. His father had been a great water drinker, and so was Jonathan. His father always took a drop of spirit in his water, and so did Jonathan. It was done 'to take off the chill' and to 'kill the insects,' for it is an old saying that water contains animalcules as well as vinegar, and that it is dangerous to take it into the stomach in a cold and raw state. But old Mr Sucker was very moderate with the bottle, and so was Jonathan. Just one drop was sufficient—only that the chill should be taken off.

It is true that Jonathan drank more water than his revered parent—perhaps because he had better opportunities. The depression of business allowed him more leisure to drink. And it happened that the more water he drank, the greater was his thirst. Perhaps nothing is more seductive to an idle man than a glass of good cold water in a sultry day—especially when you ‘take off the chill.’ You drink and you talk, and you talk until you almost desire to become a fish in the ocean. But alas! that is such an expanse of water that all the spirit in the world would not ‘take off the chill,’ nor ‘kill the insects,’ and so you must take it raw.

It was unlucky for Mr Sucker, that being so great a water drinker he should not have owned a better pump. It was as dry as a sucking child, nine months in the year, and the rest of the time it was frozen up. Consequently Mr Sucker had to depend on his neighbours for water, and he was a frequent visiter at the public house of Mr Switchell. ‘There is no water like neighbour Switchell’s,’ he would say to his friends, and the quantity he drank tested his sincerity. He was at the tavern half his time. But Mr Sucker was never known to call for a glass of liquor in his life. He always was opposed to dram-drinking. This is his language.

‘Give me another glass of your cool water, friend

Switchell.' Mine host thereupon went to his pump and obtained a fresh supply. 'Do you take any spirit, neighbour Sucker?' 'Barely one drop to take off the chill, and prevent it from striking into the stomach;' or, 'Just a single grain to settle the insects;' or 'A mere dust to take off the Boston tang;' or, 'A *leetle*, a single spoonful, by way of medicine—this Boston water is dreadful to a slender constitution—I *know* it.'

It was the same with him at the house of a friend. The good lady would say to her visiter—'It is only a compliment to offer you some spirit, Mr Sucker?' 'Certainly, madam, I have not drunk a glass of liquor these twenty years; but I will take a little of your nice water.'—'It is rather cold, Mr Sucker—shall I not just tinge it with brandy?'—'Barely one drop, madam, to take off the chill.'

'Ah!' he would then say, smacking his lips, 'what is better than a glass of cool water! They tell of your Madeira, and your Champaine, and your Cogniac—give *me* a glass of COLD WATER, and take the whole of them.'

As Mr Sucker was often at the tavern, he took frequent occasions to utter his opinion; and few of Switchell's customers swallowed their grog without a dissertation from Professor Sucker on the superior virtues of cold water.

'Mr Dewey, that is fine brandy. Our friend Switch-

ell keeps choice liquors—but give me the pure element! Water, sir, cold water,—there is nothing like it! *I know it.*

‘Doctor Chambers, I am sorry to have such an account of poor Boozy. Intemperance is a fatal disease. I told Boozy where his drams would bring him. Water, said I, cold water, my dear Boozy, would give firmness to your legs. There is nothing so good for the stomach. *I know it.*’

‘Mr Wells, I hear they have made you a town officer. I hope you will take measures at once to improve Boston water. An aqueduct to Spot Pond is much wanted. Half the diseases in this town come from bad water. *I know it.*’

‘Ah! Patrick, so you have come to fill up your bottles. I see you get on bravely in scratching up the dock. I am sorry I cannot make you drink nothing but water. It is just the thing for the dock-diggers.’

‘And is it yourself, Mr Sucker, that would be for putting cold water into the stomach o’ me, when myself has been standing up to the neck in black mud all day?’

‘Nothing better for the stomach, Patrick, than cold water. It throws you into a charming perspiration—I *know it.*—And so, Mr Switchell, I will take another glass of your nice water. Only one drop of spirit—that will do.—Ah! that is excellent!’

Such was Mr Sucker's conversation at the tavern where I said he was an honored visitor. No man could be a greater advocate for cold water, nor a more decided enemy to strong liquors. He was looked upon as a prodigy of temperance by the hard drinkers ; and indeed he thought so of himself. He was utterly unconscious that the 'drop of spirit' which he introduced into his cups for medicinal purposes, was laying the foundation of habitual intemperance. His frequent draughts of 'cold water' seriously affected his health. The truth was, he had imperceptibly acquired a taste for distilled liquor, for which he had a continual hankering. Still he was insensible of the fact, and much did he marvel at his growing fondness for drink. 'Bless my soul!' he would say, 'how water improves on acquaintance. Every day I have to increase my allowance. Why will not other people confine themselves to water? They are obstinate, blind, infatuated! I *know* it!'

But Mr Sucker's health evidently declined, and he determined to remove into the country, for change of water. 'I think,' said he, 'they will never build this aqueduct to Spot Pond, and I may as well depart at once. But where shall I go? I read in the history of this colony, that the earliest settlers of Boston, like myself, suffered much from bad water; and they departed further up the river, to a place which they af-

terwards called *Water-town*. I will imitate the deeds of my ancestors.' The next day Mr Sucker said to his neighbours, 'I cannot stand this Boston water any longer. I am going to reside at Watertown.'

One afternoon in June, 1828, a new face appeared in the public room of the Punch-Bowl inn, at *Water-town*. It belonged to an elderly gentleman, whose swelling abdomen and very slender legs betokened a dropsical affection. His countenance was pale, his eyes grey and watery, and his mouth had a peculiar and sinister expression. This was caused by the singular formation of his lips, which were uncommonly large, flexible, and puckered like those of a leech, or that species of eel called the lamprey. He was dressed in a dark green coat, with waistcoat and breeches of a similar complexion. Beside him stood a fresh pitcher of water. He sat conversing with the company on the comparative merits of Boston and country water. The latter, he averred, was decidedly the best. This expression he repeated several times, adding, with great emphasis—'I *know* it. There is no comparison at all between them. Gentlemen, I *know* it.'

Presently, a sailor-looking personage bolted in, wrapped up in a shabby pea-jacket dripping with wet, like a huge water-dog. His face was as red and tough as a piece of sole-leather. He was evidently

one of those amphibious animals that assume to 'follow the seas' in the *country*, and are impenetrable to cold or heat, wind or weather, who, by hard drinking, become pickled and preserved in liquor, to whose skin it seems as grateful as tanner's bark to a hide. It was Junk-bottle Jerdan, the fisherman, after his blackstrap. He had come from drawing the seine,—wet as a flounder, puffing like a porpoise. He was as eager for his grog as a child for its mother's milk. Mine host filled his bottle, and Captain Jerdan threw out his quid, hitched up his trowsers, and prepared to take a hearty swig ; but Mr Sucker arose, and suddenly intercepted his arm on its way to the lips.

'My friend,' said he, impressively, 'let me persuade you to set down that burning draught, and brace up your stomach with a glass of this excellent water.'

Old Jerdan paused. One eye glanced at the offered pitcher, and the other squinted queerly at the speaker's face. It was but for an instant. He roughly shook off the arm of his friendly adviser, and gulped a long and lingering draught of the blackstrap.

'Beg your pardon,' said he gruffly, 'but that are is not my way!'

All Mr Sucker's attempts at reform were equally unsuccessful, and, I am pained to add, his health did not rapidly mend on country water. The villagers of Watertown assented to the virtues of water, but they

would not drink it so as to have fins grow out of their backs. Junk-bottle Jerdan was the most incorrigible of all. In vain Professor Sucker dwelt on the luxury of water, and drank glass after glass in his sight. Old Junk was as hard as a flint. 'As for *swallowing* water,' said he, 'that are is not my way. I have enough of it in the way of business; for in catching fish, I souse in over head and ears. But I take good care to keep it out of the stomach. If the water gets there, I 'm gone.'

By the newspapers Mr Sucker became advised of the efforts made to check the vice of intemperance. He entered warmly into the plan, and gave it his hearty approbation. 'These water societies,' said he, 'are going to bring people to their senses. I am glad to see them make a stir at Boston. If they all take to water, the aqueduct will be built to Spot Pond.'

At length the genial spirit of reform extended to Watertown, and measures were taken to raise an Auxiliary Society at that place. A Temperance Committee waited on the water-drinker, to enlist his powerful cooperation.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr Sucker fervently, 'your efforts are refreshing to my soul. I have been a water-drinker all my life, and all the Suckers before me. No tongue can tell what pains I have taken to bring the hard drinkers to reason.'

‘We are going, Mr Sucker, for total abstinence. Not a drop of distilled liquor is to be drunk or sold. We must strike at the *root* of the tree.’

‘Right, gentlemen,’ said Sucker; ‘I am always for beginning at the root. Spirits should be used only as medicine. I always said it.’

‘Medicine or no medicine, we go for *total* abstinence.’

‘Exactly, gentlemen, I am entirely for cold water; but the chill must be taken off, and a bare drop of spirit’—

‘Chill or no chill,’ Mr Sucker, ‘we go for the *whole*. Not a drop for any purpose.’

‘Decidedly right, gentlemen;—but the insects—water contains insects. We must kill the insects, and the least drop of spirit’—

‘Not a drop on any account. Insects or no insects, chill or no chill, medicine or no medicine, we go for total abstinence. Moderate drinking is the downhill road to intemperance.’

‘But, gentlemen, the chill must be taken off! Bless my soul! not kill the insects? Drink cold water without taking off the chill? Why it would be fatal to a sponge! Surely, gentlemen, a mere drop of spirit—a dust—a fraction’—

‘We cannot allow a drop, Mr Sucker, for any purpose. This is our rule.—Will you sign this agreement?’

‘I will sign anything, gentlemen, in favor of cold water. But we *must* take off the chill. Bless my soul! consider how many people are killed every year by not taking off the chill. And then the insects—why, gentlemen, the insects will eat us up. I *know* it.’

The Temperance Committee could make nothing of Mr Sucker, and they left him. He was for old-fashioned temperance, which allowed for taking off the chill, and for killing the insects. He maintained his views with all the obstinacy of a Sucker that had relinquished his trade, rather than cut his cloth in the new-fangled fashions of the time.

Mr Sucker was not discouraged by this rebuff. He continued to praise cold water, but henceforth with a reservation, to prevent mistakes. ‘Cold water—with the chill off—is a beautiful drink. Taken in large quantities, it must be divested of the chill. The insects must be destroyed. A drop of spirit can hurt nobody, and it kills the insects and takes off the chill. I doat on cold water; but it must be sweetened with a drop of spirit. The chill is fatal. I *know* it.’

The great number of deaths from cold water mentioned in the papers confirmed his opinion. ‘Bless my soul!’ he would say, ‘what will come of this excitement? Four more deaths to-day by cold water! Such rashness is incredible! Why do they not take

off the chill? Why do they not kill the insects? Bless my soul! where should I have been, if these new-fangled temperance folks had dissuaded me from taking off the chill? Not here. I *know* it.'

The water-drinker never returned to Boston. The Spot Pond aqueduct was not built, and he died at Watertown. There was much diversity of opinion respecting the cause of his death. The newspapers gave different accounts. Some attributed it to water, and others to liquor. Doctors differed. Junk-bottle Jerdan was confident he fell a victim to cold water. Others were certain he died from intemperance. Truth might lie between, for it is with liquor as with learning,—

'A little tippling is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.'

ODE TO THE CANADIAN GIANT.

‘Argumentum ad hominem.’

At length I see thee—and is this
Our skeleton’s antithesis ?

An atomy to thee !

It seems, if we thy learning *weigh*,
At Ox-ford thou hast taken a
Superlative degree.

Since thou hast left thy *Can-a-day*,
What *measures* hast thou ta’en, I say,

Under that *Pia-Mater*?

All heads seem little nutmegs, when
Compared to thine—we all see then,
Thine is a *nutmeg greater*.

In man’s esteem thou standest high
As Samson—it’s a fact, that I
Would wager any money on.

'T is rumored that thou art *Sam's son*,
Who wedded, as 't is whispered, one
Who was miss *Patty-gonian* !

What creed dost thou profess ? now tell—
Of orthodox or infidel—

Whose frame to thine's a spigot—
With Turk and Christian both, thou 'rt *thick*—
But, Musselman or Catholic,
'T is plain thou art a *big-ot* !

Should creditors thy person pen
In durance vile, not *boot-less* then,
Thy suit for a discharge.
Although a *heavy* hour for thee,
While pent in prison, still thou 'd be
A gentleman—at *large*.

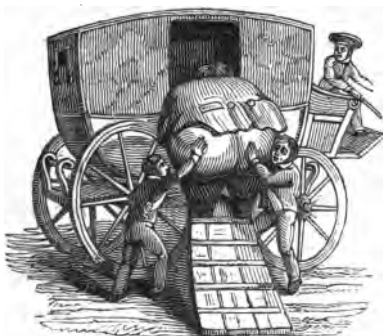
Greatly we pay thee *heu ! jam satis !*
For this, an exhibition—*gratis*.

What leaven made thee rise ?
Some men, perchance, 't is meant by fate,
That get their bread at such a *rate*,
Should be of such *assize* !

Should Ocean, in a storm of passion,
O'er fishing boat of puny fashion,

Upheave a frigate's hulk—
That little, hopeless, helpless skiff,
I'd rather be, than near thee, if
Thy *wor-ship* should *break bulk* !

In London—Guildhall's mighty Gog,
Must swell with envy, like the frog—
To meet his rival strong-man.
Now print thy life, great Six-feet-four !
Let thy biographer be—*Moore* ;
Thy publisher be—*Long-man*.



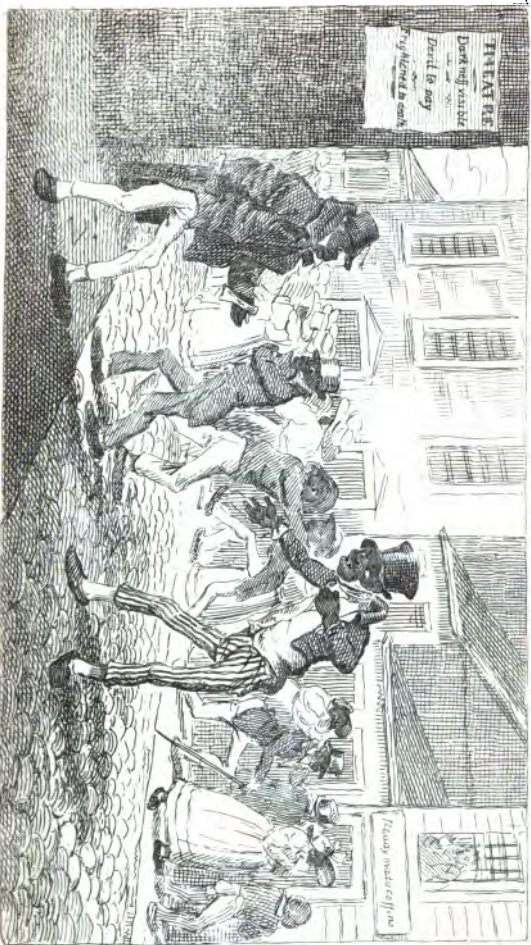
THE FATE OF GENIUS.

SOME eight or nine years since, Philadelphia, the goodly city of brotherly love, was visited by that near relation to Small Pox, ycleped *Varioloid*, the traces of whose peregrinations are still visible in the buck-wheat-cake-like visages of many of her worthy citizens. This unwelcome visiter was no stickler for 'good society.' The highest and lowest circles were to him alike. His anti-angel-like visits from house to house, which were many and short between, were never announced either by knock or ring; and so little regard had he for fashionable etiquette, that, instead of sending in his pasteboard, he entered *sans cérémonie*, embracing all who came within his reach. Cheeks, which, until then, rivalled the polished surface of monumental alabaster, were obliged to yield in smoothness to undressed granite. The cherub face of many a mother's darling son, was in a short time made to resemble the uneven visage of the moon. Exquisites, who were wont daily to devote hours to pleasing reflections, now gazed on the libellous surface of the mirror, with about the same

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FATE OF GENIUS



degree of complacency that a rabid dog ogles himself in a basin of *total abstinence*. Like an itinerant portrait painter, he wandered about spoiling every face he touched, without respect to age or condition, sex or complexion. Indeed, it was thought at the time, that if there was a shade of partiality in his attentions, it was towards that class denominated *colored*—in these circles he found fit objects for his sympathy. He knew that ‘suffering was the badge of all their tribe.’—He loved them for the ‘dangers they had passed,’ and remained with many of them until all their dangers were over. Even those, to whom he was less attentive, and who, perhaps, ‘still owe heaven a death,’ were fondly remembered, and *deeply pitied* by him, inasmuch as they are indebted to him alone for a peculiarity of visage, sufficiently terrific to check, not only the approach of Varioloid and Small Pox, but almost every other ill that flesh is heir to.

The full round ebony phiz of the pious parson A—, began rapidly to assume a more classic and egg-like form, as he observed, from week to week, a frightful diminution in the number of his dearly ‘b’loobed brederin and sisterin,’ and a proportionate increase of mounds in the yard beneath the pulpit window. The joyous *wool*-gatherings which usually took place in the vicinity of Sixth and Lombard Streets, after

divine service—where eyes shone like pewter dollars in a coal-hole, and grinning *jaw bags* displayed their ivory clasps from hinge to hinge—were now no more ;—for, although the walls of the conventicle were impenetrable to Varioloid Plague, and all the ills of Pandora's box, they afforded but little security to those who congregated on the outside. As soon, therefore, as the hour arrived for the meeting-house to disgorge, it threw its contents in all directions, like an overturned jug of Day and Martin. Pomp feared to extend his paw to his friend Cæsar, lest in so doing he should make himself acquainted with the Varioloid ; and Cæsar cut his friend Pomp, to avoid the danger of making a similar acquaintanec. Dinas, Clementinas, Roras and Phillises, ventured not to pass each other, even on opposite sides of the street, without a simultaneous aversion of the head, a suspicious roll of the eye, and an increased celerity of step.

During this season of fearful alarm, there was one day seen gathering together acrowd of *two*, one half issuing from the north, the other from the south door of the above tabernacle. This was sufficient to induce a neighbouring coffin maker, in anticipation of a call from his friend the sexton, with whom he had a perfect understanding, to provide himself as expeditiously as possible, with boxes for two. Nor was the

sexton slow, on being informed of the circumstance, in selecting places for the same number in the pit.—The parties thus prematurely provided for, after considerable manœuvring, like two ships preparing for action, came within hail of each other, and the following colloquy commenced.

‘Why Cuff, is dat you?’

‘I am dat ting,’ said Cuff—‘How you fine youself dis long time, Sambo?’

‘Oh! I’s patty well,’ replied Sambo, ‘and I wants fur peak to you; but in de fus place I axes on you, hab you got de Werryloud?’

‘De Lord knows,’ replied Cuff, ‘I haint got no touch on it, and dat’s de reason I’s aferd you got him.’

‘I got him!’ exclaimed Sambo; ‘I clare to you, Cuff, pon de honnor ub a gemmen, I neber hab him ’t all.’

‘Dat’s nough,’ said Cuff; ‘dat be as much as one gemmen can expectorate from anoder, and I’s glad for shake a han wid you, caze I got sompin for tell you too. You hear de news?’

‘Neber min de news,’ replied Sambo.

‘I got sompin worse den news fur tell you;—dat great man, Clem—’

‘Dat,’ cried Cuff, interrupting him, ‘is jis what I guang for peak to you bout; he cotcht de Werryloud, I hear.’

‘Den you hear no true,’ observed Sambo; ‘caze de Werryloud cotcht him;—it cotcht hold on him las night, and kilt him all to smash.’

‘Dat ’s jis what I participated,’ replied Cuff; ‘poor Clem! he neber saw nodir tick o’ wood now! He be great loss to de ciety, caze he were de greatest woodsaweer in de perfession. He hab de rail genus for de art. Why, bless you soul, honey, I knows woodsaweers what ’s tudied de perfession ober fifteen year—and de Lord knows dey could n’t saw a tick o’ wood wid dat nigger. When he cotcht [hold o’ de saw, de chunks did n’t drap slow each side o’ de haus, I tell you. And more den dat, he altogader sef-taught. He neber tudy de perfession wid nobody.’

‘Shaw,’ said the indignant Sambo,—‘what fur you tink he tudy? Clem hab too much genus for tudy anything—de great genus know nough widout tudy. I neber tuded de paint grindin perfession. It come all at once like flash o’ lightnin.—And when it come, I went right off to massa Carmine, what make de beautiful picturs o’ de ladies and de gemmen, and I been grindin for him eber since. It no more use to de rail genus for tudy, den for shave a Possum when he got him skin off.’

‘Well, Sambo, ‘I tink you be right bout dat,’ replied Cuff; ‘caze I mysef larn de woodsawin perfes-

sion, widout ony takin two tree lesson, and dem war n't no use, caze de nigger I went to, did n't know notin bout it hesef. But Clem could saw to kill, dat 's sertain !'

'He could dat,' retorted Sambo; 'I knowed de nigger when he war n't bigger ner a young raccoon, and den his genus showed out amazen, I tell you!—You see he was all de time runnin bout de streets, a raisen up him elbows, and histin up him leg. Well, de old folks did n't know what was de matter wid de boy, so dey axed me, and I tole em it wus de genus showin out. Well, den dey wanted to know, what kine o' genus it wus; and I tole em it wus de genus for playin on de big fiddle, or sawin o' de wood.—Well, dey was afeard it was de big fiddle genus, caze de nigger beat all natur at dancin. Den you see, he would be guang to de balls, and fiddlin all night for de niggers—so de way I foun out what kind o' genus it was, I put a big fiddle in him han, and de Lord knows he did n't know no touch on it. But when I guv'd him a haus and a saw, den he showed what he was borned fur! den his genus showed out, I tell you!'

'But,' said Cuff, 'what 's de use o' dis great genus when de time come fur die?—genus can't save de nigger none—and all de physicianers in de four quarters o' de world—(dat is de Norf and Souf pole—Bengal and Giberalter)—can't do him notin nohow whatsomeber.'

'Dat's true,' replied Sambo; 'dey aint no more use den so many musicianers. Dey keeps ridin bout town, killin all dey know, and cuttin up all dey kill, and den dey sends in de bills and makes de people pay fur de gig-hire.—Dey aint no use, caze when de time come fur to die—you must die!—and afore de time come you can't kill youself. De Werryloud can't kill nobody widout him time come.'

'I b'lieve dat,' said Cuff; 'but den I begin fur spec dat de Werryloud mos always take de time long wid him—caze when eber he go mong de colored ciety, den de time come fur sombody.'

'You be right dere,' observed Sambo, 'and dat make me tink as how he like de rail genus better den any oder—else what fur he go more 'mong niggers den de white *trash*? I's mighty feard on him, I tell you; and have fur keep a sharp look out.'

'Well, de Lord knows,' rejoined Cuff, with a strong expression of bodily fear,—'I did n't tink o' dat—I don't know how I scape so long!—But poor Clem, ony tink! yeserday he were shinin like him own saw in him perfession, and now he be dead like de tick o' wood he cut. Dat be de fate o' genus! dead foreber and eber and eb—'

'Top, top,' interrupted Sambo; 'you make mistake bout dat. I hear my massa say many time, de great genus neber die—he lib foreber in-mortality;—caze

he leave ahind him de genus what tink on him, and de tace what see him.—Why, wheneber I tink o’ de nigger’s genus, I see de nigger hesef! I neber forget one ting what happen once bout Clem! It were long time ago, arter I been to de paint grindin perfer-sion bout five or six year and got on amazin;—larnt all bout tace for de fine arts and effec; and de light and shade, and all dat. My massa say to me one day, “Sambo, you tonish me wid you genus, and I great mine for trus you fur paint de wheelbarrer.”—I feel mighty proud when he say dat, you may be sure! and I tell massa I like fur try.—He tell me, “Bery well—I low you for try you han in de mornin.” Well, dat night I no sleep fur de agitation. In de mornin as soon as it be light nough fur see de wheelbarrer, I gits de paints, goes down into de yard, and pulls out de wheelbarrer, and den sets down for tudy de bes kind effec fur paint it. Well, I set tinkin bout it, to mose twelve o’ clock; when dat little nigger Clem come into de yard fur git sum cold wittles, and he ax me what I guang to do wid de wheelbarrer. But I so much gage in tudy dat I no hear him. Den he ax Phillis, and she tell him I guang for paint it. De little nigger no sooner hear dat, den he pick up de brushes—and afore I done tudyin he paint de wheelbarrer all de color of de rainbow!—mosé beautiful! He make it a perfec pictur!—Well, den you see I fine

out what genus de boy hab fur de wheelbarrer paint-in perfession—but I neber say notin bout it, caze dis country ford no couragement fur de fine art—but he hab de great tace, I tell you.'

'Yes,' said Cuff, 'I pose he git it from he mammy. De old woman were mighty great in de white-wash-in perfession.'

'She was dat,' replied Sambo; 'and Clem hab all her tace and him own too, and he neber lose it. He hab it when he growed up, and was on de top of de tree in de wood sawin perfession. Many time when I use fur go down on de wharf, and see de barrils o' rum and gin put all in row, so dey make a beautiful pictur, dere I sure to fine Clem lookin at it, caze he hab sich tace dat way.'

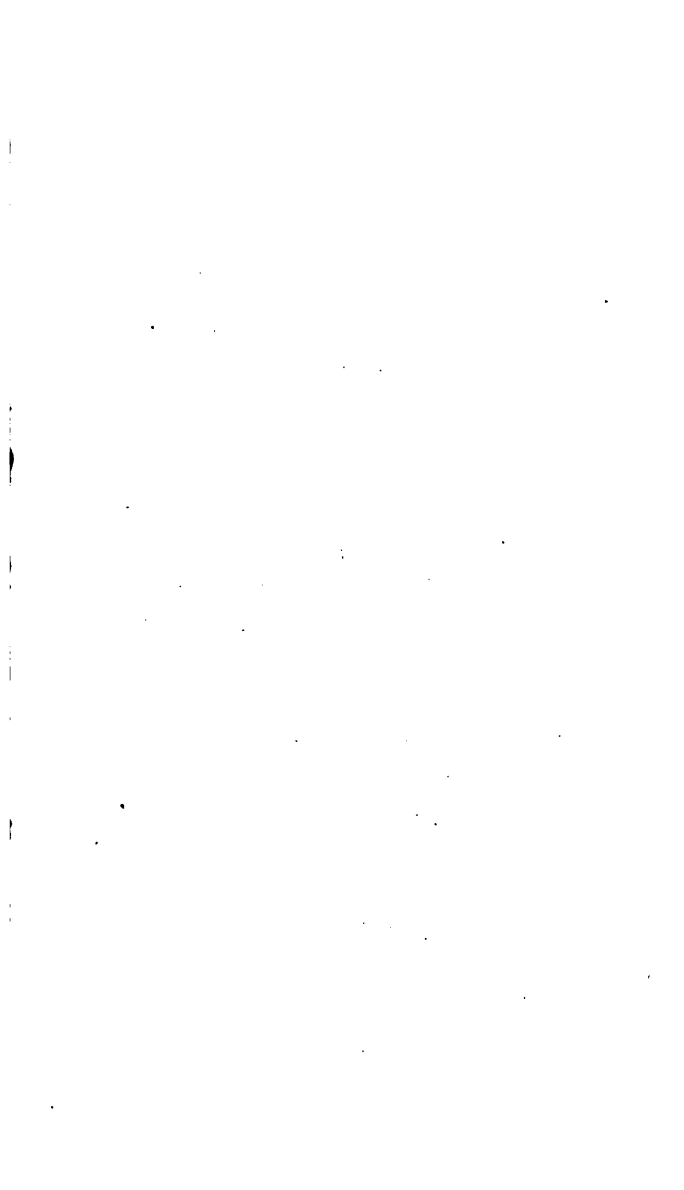
'You be right dere,' said Cuff; 'I seed Clem many time hab so much tace fur dem are barrels o' rum and gin, dat sometime he head use fur run roun he no able for walk traight, and so he drop down jis like he be drunk.'

'Ah! Cuff,' replied the sympathetic Sambo, 'I know how dat feel! Dat be de way de great genus show out some time! I been 'dat way myself many time.—But poor Clem, him genus neber show out no more! He seeno more picturs!—he seed de las one yes'erday—and I seed it too, and I tink I neber furgit it!—De great man was comin 'long wid his haus and saw on

him shoulder, and de wood in de cart. When de wood stop, he hemp de man frow it down.—Well, it drapt down in a perfec pictur!—Beautiful effec!—Well, Clem tand awhile for look at de pictur, den he go toder side and dere he look at it—den he go toder side, and look a spell—den he go all round, and he git kind o' sorry, caze he must spile it.—He pull out o' one pocket de chunk o' bacon fur grease de saw—den de big tear come in him eye. He put him toder fis in toder pocket fur handkercher, and he run him fingers right up agin tree cents! He pull em out—he roll roun him big bull eye—he look agin at de wood, den at de bacon, den at de tree cents; and afore he could git de reslution fur spile de picture, he hab to go right off and git sompin fur drink.—I see, Cuff, dat you bery much fected;—but you hab no idee what de artis suffer. I tot my time mose come!—Well, Clem jis come back, when a noder load o' wood come. Dat make two picturs fur spile—den Clem want two reslutions. So he hab fur go right back fur git nodder glass.—By and by he come back wid de reslutions, he pull off him coat, and chuck it on de wood. Den he lean a spell on him saw—well, dat made a pictur. Den he go up to de wood—and he pick up de little tick;—and he pick it up so fectionate, dat you mose tink he pickin up he own nigger baby! for Clem was de goodest, de bestest, de kindest, and de fectionesest

man in de world. Den he put de tick pon de haus, jis as easy as he put him baby in de cradle.—Well, dat was a pictur—such fine effec! de little black oak tick on de haus, look jis like a beautiful little nigger, layin in a cradle wid de small pox—de effec was gran!—But—when Clem come—to de fixin o' de haus! de rollin up o' de sleeves!! de greasin o' de saw!!! de histin o' de elbow!!!! and de raisin up o' de LEG!!!! whew! I can't scribe it to you—it was de beautifulest ting I ever *did* see!'







THE MUSES

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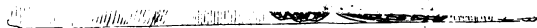
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THE MUSES IN MASQUERADE ;

OR

A VISION OF CATSKILL.

Once on a time,
And once upon the Catskill mountain,
Where a small cat'ract spits—a thin cascade,
Like a white water-spectre, oozes,
THE MUSES,
In frolic, fun, and fashion to surpass us,
Had left Parnassus,
To be above par in a Masquerade !
' Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb '
To Catskill's top ?
The Hack that pants to reach the ' Horse's fountain,
Where ropes are requisite to pull the wretch up—
Preserve all animals from such a *pickle*,
Where they must wish their throats to tickle,
To get Jack *Ketch-up*,
And *hang* their *heads* ere they can get a *drop*.
Like Fishermen—the Muses did profess
The science of Myology—
That is—to move the *muscles* into liveliness—

And if Apollo's steed was slow—
 Or given to 'wo!'
 They made their own apolo-gy.
 A little infant Athens, far below,
 Lay like a Low Dutch Bacchus smoking—
 But there 's no joking
 With *wine-pipes* that are stopped with *Bacchæ*-stoppers.
 The old Athenians sprung from their grasshoppers ;
 The new, such singularities contemn—
 They truly say,
 Grasshoppers of the present day,
 In summer, spring from them.
 On Helicon, 't is said,
 Each musing maid,
 Crowned with a palm-wreath, stands—
 On Catskill all their *palms* were in their *hands*.

URANIA,

Struck with a moon-calf mania,
 Sat hooded, like a hen in widowhood,
 And over *Her-schell* seemed inclined to brood
 Barefaced, because her feet were bare,—
 And cobblers taxed her with economy.
 Though shoeless, still Astronomy
 Was not quite *solus* there ;
 Justice this tribute to the rest owes,
 Against the use of leather,—

The maids had al-toe-gether
Issued their manifest-toes !

Through spectacles, beneath her brow,
She gazed, the beauties of the stage to glean—
Alas ! the merits of the drama now,
Only through *spectacles* are seen.
She had a microscope,
To magnify theatric darlings—
In such *sky-larking* there was little hope,
Where for one *eagle* she found fifty *star-lings* !
In classic days she would have shrunk
From *beastly* doctrine, which so Orthodox is,
That nothing but an Elephant's large *trunk*,
Will fill the BOXES !

The muse, EUTERPE, came—
Enraptured with the bagpipe's lower tone—
For every B. is bound to have its *drone*—
And tried to *puff* her music into fame.
As swell-Corinthians aim
Before they *go* out,
To raise the *wind*, and have a jolly *blow-out*.

TERPSICHOE—the muse of motion,
Had ta'en her aqua-vitæ potion,
After her luncheon of beefsteaks and onions—

As she, upon her light fantastic toe,
 Had *Bunyans*,
 Her progress (not the pilgrim's through the slough,)
 Seemed a suggestion—
 Prime ministers have risk'd in George's reign—
 That it would go against the *grain*,
 To touch on the *corn-question*;
 And from her gentle Jew's-harp sprung
 The soft vibrations of the *Jewish tongue*.

Genius of immodest dancing !
 Thou parent of transparent dresses !
 Why rob young Fancy of her fond romancing,
 And give no opportunity for guesses ?
 Thou fascinating, mad monstrosity,
 The cause and curse of curiosity—
 Dame Purity has wished thee long ago dead.
 Farewell to *pirouette*, and to *la plomb*,
 The *canon's* past—which like a *bomb*,—
Reports, thou art *exploded*.
 No breath now flutters round thy flimsy banners,
 And home-made morals shun imported manners.
 Thy fief was found in Dufief, who essayed
 Vainly to show—
 What thou hast nightly proved, and now we know—
 '*Nature Displayed*.'
 And memory heaves a sigh,
 That fashion did not blush

To dignify,
And join, the general rush.
The Muse CALLIOPE,
Struck with the fashionable affectation
Of a sudden myopy,
Looked not upon the Nine: an indication
That we poor mortals only prove
Short-sighted,
When fortune, pride, and folly are united.
She squinted—and her eyes by the same rule,
Looked like two *pupils* of the Ovid school,
When *crossed* in love.
Such glances, when a nose's bridge bisects,
Will not, in compliment to tollmen's calls,
'*Keep to the right*' then, '*as the law directs.*'
Now Doctor SCUDDER could have made her eyes,
As good as new;
He makes them with a *hazel, black and blue*—
And whom, for getting up such *fancy balls*,
We ought to *canon-ize*.

Next POLLY-HYM-NIA sung
The *mis-for-tune*
Of Billy Taylor, who was brisk and young,
Like a hoarse screech-owl scolding to the Moon.
Her aerology
Improved the system of phrenology—

How all its bumps expand,
What bump-kin has not read ?
She cared not for the organs in her head,
So she had *Discord's organ* in her hand !
Though she was fond of swipes,
Wine she preferred, spite of the temp'rance panic,
And always took—'t was a disease *organic*—
Her *barrel's* and her *pipe's* !

The virgin CLIO—history's adored—
There bow'd beneath the *reign of heavy-wet*.
If colleges had granted a degree,
She would have been a feminine M. D. ;
For on *Nose-ology* her thoughts were set,
And so she *snored*.
Her pen was tran-quiet, and herself serene,
In sleep, though *fat*, she was inclined to *lean*,
And rested upon books of every sort.
The folio's bulk—the pamphlet's tinyness—
On which their authors, as we Yankees guess,
Vainly depended for *support*.
The Antiquary's pond'rous tomes were there—
What wonder, that a sleep
So long and deep,
Her senses should ensnare ?
Shepherds and lawyers taught the art to fleece,
And on the ground

Was prince Aladin and Alas!
Were found,
The classic GILLIES—culinary GLASS,
Among the last remains of ancient grease!
In her account-book, Fashion
Varied her *ruling* passion,
With the hour;
And he who disbelieves
In her kaleidoscopic power,
Never saw ladies laughing in their sleeves,
Which are so large, the heads of modern Graces,
Are now both day and night—on *pillow cases*.
Among the volumes scattered up and down—
One travels to the real top of Andes—
Another's down,
On the *false top* that covers *half a crown*
Of *Yankee-doodle-dandies*—
Who gabble, gape, and gaze.
Like Ships, sharp-braced, they're often seen in *stays*;
They move through ball rooms, under lustres bright,
But not one *sconce* of theirs contains a light.
In bought or borrowed whiskers still they stare,
Their collars, with mattresses will compare,
Stuffed with the best curled hair!

And there were *general* tracts too, to direct
The scientific *march* of intellect—

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And soon we may
On the same day
By rail-roads and by steam-machines,
Dine in New England—sup in New Orleans.

The muse **MELPOMENE**—
Inspired by 'possum fat and hominy,'
Resolved to break into her knowledge-box.
And, like a thief nefarious,
At work burglarious,
She did not wait to *pick* her patent-locks.
Her hands were hunting after hairs,
She was more partial to a *wig* than tory
In her upper story,
To which, her eyes appeared a *pair* of *stares*.
The mourning beauty,
'Strutted and bellowed' of her tragic feats,
And, like our Colonists of yore—
Ere Jonathan thought Johnny *Bull* a bore—
For her theatrical *receipts*,
Paid the *stamp* duty.
In her right hand she held a shining saw,
Which, as our rhyme records,
Like some boy Roscius taken from his taw,
Its *teeth* had *cut* upon the *boards* !
Her love for suicide was such,
In the extremity of her despair,

She vowed her throat to—*touch*,
For Shakspeare whispered, ‘*Do not saw the air*
Too much !’

Then great Apollo, we opine,
As he upon the muzzy Muses stole,
At that same masquerade,—
Though he at skittles never deign’d to roll—
Should then have seized the tragic vixen’s bowl,
And tipp’d all Nine !
But not attending to their case,
A jig he played,
On his Bass-viol—violently base !

The Muse ERATO,
Filled with the pot-ent inspiration,
Of Irish whiskey—envied elevation !—
Drank up the dew
And roared ‘*O Gramachree, to thee I’m true,*
Land of the Potato !’
There was no need of telescope from Dolland’s,
To spy that gin was her theme’s origin.
Braon perchance had never tuned his lyre,
Nor given to *Juan*—alias *Jack*—his fire,
Without a gill within.
And these are certain signs
When the Castalian waters,
Are absent from head quarters,

That makers-up of *linen* and of *lines*
 Make *shift* with *Holland's*!

Though last, not *least*—
 For she had fattened upon fun,
 By making and by eating game—
 The rosy maid of mirth, *THALIA* came.
 A famous *figure* for a Lord Mayor's feast,
 For she had taken care of *number one*.
 Laughter will cause a *stitch* or two,
 And in the side,
 Yea, sometimes through and through,
 Which we bewail while it bewitches—
 The lady of the *bushin knit* her brows,
 Threat'ning a thousand rows,
 To see her sister of the *sock*
 A laughing stock,
 Who *dropped* her *stitches*.

In-*tense* her *verb-al mood*,
 She felt the force of all her comic strains ;—
 Like a good driver, she preferred the *stage*,
 And to assuage
 The pains of jesting, handled well her *reins*,
 For by her hands she got her *lively-hood* !
 All Nature, with one universal smile,
 Welcom'd the Queen of Grins—

Who from each Muse, with patent stomach-pump,
 Extracted bile,
 And, unlike eels,
 Ready for very joy they seemed to jump
Out of their skins.
 Then came, like bullets from a long steam gun,
 Jest after jest!
 Pun upon pun!!
 Joke after joke!!!
 The last the best!!!!
Laughter, like lemons, came in peals,
 AND I AWOKE.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Master Mischief. Sir, sir ! there 's something out of your pocket.

Pedestrian. Where ? (looking round.)

Master M. There !

Pedestrian. What ?

Master M. Your hand, Sir—Oh ! you April fool !'

OLD PLAY.

THERE was a time when Boston folks
Were fond of notions, fun, and jokes ;
And good stiff punch, was thought to be
A glorious substitute for tea—
An antidote for death—a charter—
An anti-dying-of-cold-water.
That time our sober fathers traded
In flesh that darkness had degraded.

There lived a man, hight Deacon Grimes—
Like him immortalized in rhymes,
The good old soul, in days of yore,
Whose coat was buttoned down before—
And Grimes could boast the queerest slave
That ever crossed the Atlantic wave,

Cato by name, a dwarf in size,
With pudding head, and saucer eyes—
At dinner, like the consul Cato,
He called divine, the works of Plate-o ;—
He was a comic work, a sloe-man—
Set in black-letter, not in Roman.
At feast or frolic, dance or revel,
Cato would play the very devil.

That day, that 's under 'Taurus' rule,
Because we 're apt to make a Bull,
Cato, for some excuseless tricking,
Was sentenced to an extra licking ;
But Deacon Grimes 's a humane feeler,
Bethought him of a negro dealer,
Whose lash could lace poor Cato's jacket,
And conscience not kick up a racket ;
So calling Cato—bade him take
A basket full of ginger cake,
(Besides a letter with some cash in,
Directions for the bearer's thrashin')
To master Woolfolk, as a present ;
But Cato smoked the joke unpleasant.
However, slowly on he wended,
Contriving how to be befriended,
When cousin Cuff he saw, come down
From some long errand out of town.
'Goo' morrer, Cuff.'

‘What! da’ you, Cato?

‘How goes it, honey?’—‘In my pate, oh!

Sumtin like bumbly bee, go whiz!

I tink it is de roomatiz.

My head turn round, as ef I tipsey,

But Massa say, I got dispipsy.

As I ’m a Gemman, Cuff—Oh! murder—

I mus’ set down—I can’t go funder.

Now Cuff, while I git lilly better,

Carry dis basket and dis letter

To massa Woolfolk—when dey lef’,

He gib you sometin fur yousef.’

Cato got very, very sick—

But Cuffee never smelt the trick.

He pitied Cato, soon consented,

But quite as quickly he repented;

For Woolfolk soundly hided Cuff,

Till, d—d or not, he cried—‘Enough!’

Meanwhile sly Cato hurried back,

As solemn as an owl in black—

And met his master at the door.

‘Now, you black rascal, one thing more—

Run down and bring me, from the store,

A jug—it’s underneath the stove.’

So, quick as he was made to move,

He found the jug, and trudged along,

Whistling some snatches of a song.

The sun had done one half its duty,
Cornhill was thronged with Boston beauty,
And cunning boys just out of school
Were making many an *April fool*—
Some, having chalk upon the back,
Some, dishcloths hanging from the slack.
A boy would say with trickish grace,
'O la, there 's something on your face!
Which, I dare say you do n't suppose, Ma'm.'
'What is it, my dear child?' 'Your nose, Ma'm!'—
Quizzing the sober-minded few,
Who 're not so wise as I and you.
Now lazy Cato thought it best,
To take, as fiddlers do, a rest.
So on the Old-South steps he sat,
As drowsy as an old black cat—
When, who should come across him there
But Cuff, like some sore-headed bear.
'Ah! cus you, Cato—cus you trickin;
And so fur you, Cuff cotch a lickin—
But nebber mind, you grin and snigger!
I pay you some day—you d—n nigger.'
'My feelin's hurt, when Cuff say so—
What massa write, how Cato know?
If I hab time, my friend, I mash
You pungkin head jis like a squash.
Cuff, in our kitchen do n't you come—
You hear?'—'What in dat jug, eh?—Rum!'

Cried Cuff, 'I 'll do as mush fur you.

'Jes le' me hab a swig or two.'

Says Cato, 'S'pose you got de colic?'

And then he thought he 'd have a frolic :

So lifting up the jug—Cuff's nose

Expanded like a suction hose—

His lips, glued to the stony treasure,

Had quaffed huge swallows without measure,

Till all at once, with puckered face,

Distorted to sea-sick grimace—

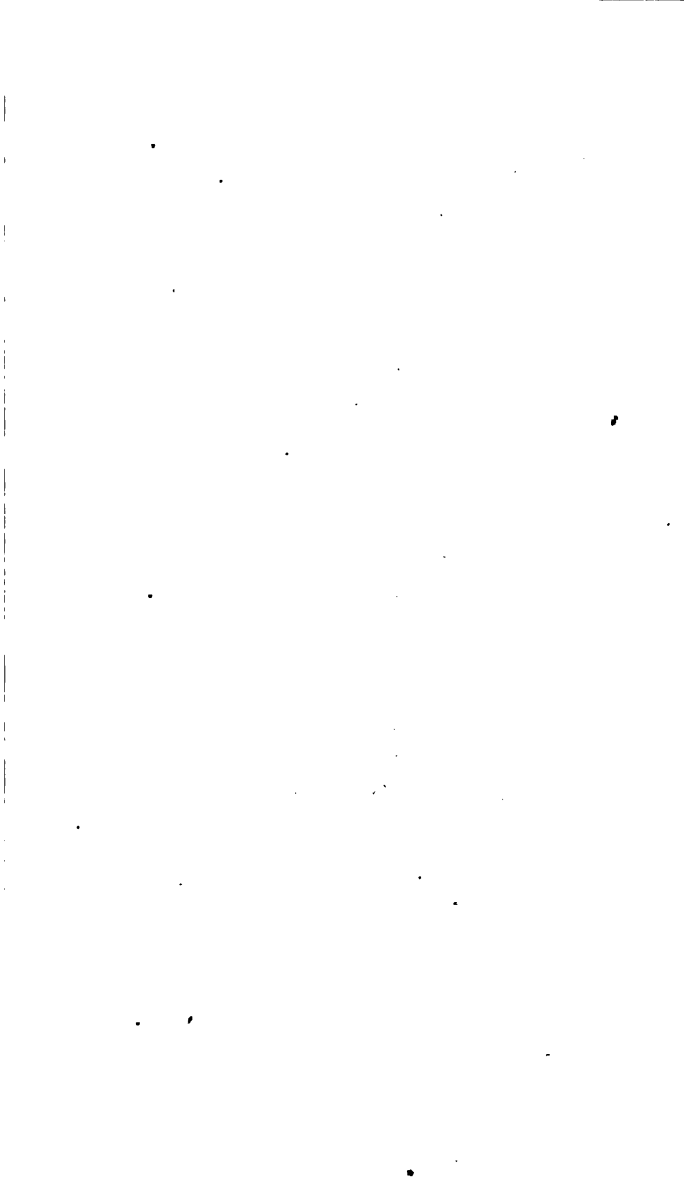
He dashed the liquor to the ground,

While blackness bathed the walk around,

Roaring '*By gosh, and Peter Schmink,—*

I fill my tomach full of ink!'





MELO-DRAMATIC SUPPER



THE ORDER OF THE UNITED STATES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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Let us begin with the first, the *longitudinal* study.

[illegible]

Office of the Trustee General of the Province

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DIRECTIONS FOR DRESSING A MELO-DRAMA.

BY A PROFESSED QUISINIER; ANGLICÈ, QUIZZING YE.

‘Observe that this *farce* is indispensable in good cookery.’

LOUIS EUSTACHE UDE, *Ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI.*

TAKE a WILD BEAR, or Captain of Banditti, that has a propensity to *growl* at the world, and *hug* the heroine. Put a *spice* of morality into his mouth, and a large bundle of rascality in his heart. Let him be in a *stew* till his blood *boils*, and stand occasionally before a *quick fire*. Then put a *forced-meat ball* or two into his body; and before he is done, place him in a *safe* or *dungeon*; or let him *hang* till he is *cold*, but be sure to let him die *game*.

Then select a TURKEY-CK, or Military Lover. *Dress* him with the *feathers* on. Then *stuff* the *breast*, and put the *head* into the *crop*, and let him be in a *pickle*. Then draw out his *skewer*, or sword, half a dozen times, for the purpose of—returning it. Those are preferable that *crow*, or sing; their *legs* *black*, and smooth; polished Hessian boots, *spurs* short, and ready to play the *devil* with the *drumsticks*.

Choose a CALF'S HEAD, or *Comic Servant*, if possible, with *Carrots*, or red hair. Take out the *brains*, but let the *tongue* remain. The *jaw* relishes better if seasoned with plenty of *sauce*. Let it be *basted* occasionally. It need not be highly seasoned with *Attic* salt, though it should be cooked in a *garret*. Let it get out of the frying-pan into the fire. A shower of rain serves very well for a *dripping*, and then settle the *hash* by putting here and there a slice of Joe Miller, taking care that it is *stale*.

Take an OLD GREY GOOSE, or unhappy Father. Stuff him with *sage-maxims*. Dress him in *pepper and salt*. Then put him into Poverty's *pot*, until he is done to *rags*.

Take a pretty TURTLE DOVE, or *Rustic Beauty*, that bills and coos by moonlight. Let the head be sentimentally *soft*, the heart particularly *tender*, and *mince* her steps. Place her before Cupid's torch till she is *warm through*. If the fire is too hot, pour plenty of *grief gravy*, till it runs out of the eyes.

Procure a large Earthen Vessel, or Cavern, and put in your Wild-Fowl or Robbers, and add double the number of Red-Herrings or Soldiers.

Mix all these ingredients together, and stir them before the blaze of lamps, for about two hours. Be very careful that your cooking utensil is not *hissing* hot. Then *scrape* a few Songs, Duets, Trios,

and Chorusses into it, and *strain* them through an Orchestra.—When the *Entrées* are all done, dish it, and it will then be fit for *cutting up*.

We present a disposition of the dishes for a

MELO-DRAMATIC SUPPER.

They are considered strong stimulants to the *animal* spirits.

In the centre of the Table,

A LIVING SKELETON.

This dish is what Monsieur Ude would term a *bone-homme*, and an excellent *subject*, in poultry and playhouse parlance, to *pick for drawing*. The flesh is preferred in proportion as it is *rare*. If great caution is not exercised in the preparation, the ingredients are very liable to be *wasted*.

At the top,

A MAID AND MAGPIE.

This Fish and Pie, are always placed together. The latter to be taken with a *silver spoon*, as the Magpie's *stealing* it, constitutes its chief *virtue*.

At the bottom,

A PRESERVED ELEPHANT OF SIAM.

The mental appetite of a London public has lately been glutted with this *great* feast, or *beast* of reason, and at a very *heavy* expense. It is relished more when taken with a two-pronged fork, *ivory-handled*.

On one side,

A DOG OF MONTARGIS.

This dish has been much admired by those who witness the frequent rise of the theatrical curtain [*quære, cur-ta'en ?*]. It is deemed unwholesome food, if warmed up in summer, when Mr Sirius, or the *Dog-star* is engaged.

On the other side,

A DUMB SAVOYARD AND HIS MONKEY.

The Dumb Savoyard is commonly taken with water, which, in a grammatical sense, is joining a *mute* to a *liquid*. The Monkey, since the banishment of oil from a melo-dramatic supper, promotes the increase of the *gas trick* fluid.

The remaining dishes are appropriated to *Horse-flesh*, where the spectator may have a *Cataract* in his eye, discover an *El-Hyder*, get the *Time o'er* with a Tartar, take Oysters with a *Blue beard*; and where, if criticism strains at a gnat, it may swallow a *Camel*. There is a *Pigeon-wing*, too, and he may cut *capers* with the *leg*.

A SONG ALL ABOUT PHRENOLOGY.

'1st Boy.—Heads or tails?

2d Boy.———Tails.

1st Boy.———No, it's head—I've won!

Tragedy of 'Pitch Coppers.'

A FEW lines on Phrenology we are about to scrawl,
Having ta'en our gin with Spurzhiem, and our bitters
with the Gall.

Reviewers shall not say of us, however we may fail,
'To the meaning of our poetry there's neither HEAD
nor tail.'

2.

Within our caps we mean to fix a Phrenologic feather,
And teach all gossippers the way to lay their *heads*
together—

But—*entre nous*—we stop the press, as Newspapers
have said,

To say 'that you'll find nothing new, under our usual
head.'

3.

Your King will often, by the *head*, make common people shorter,

Your Cobbler rather buy the *head* upon a pot of porter.

Of Cavaliers, Nol Cromwell liked to pummel and to pound *heads* ;

And Charles the Second loved to see the lifeless skulls of *Round-heads*.

4.

Your would-be Politician puts himself in nomination,
And goes to *logger-heads* with all, to prove—vociferation!

A place and price is offered him, to either side he 's led,
The first completely turns his coat, the second turns his *head*.

5.

The Limbs of Law lug in a speech, to bother their beholders,

About—nobody does know what, and by the *head* and *shoulders*.

Phrenology to that profession London lads have led,
If they study in the *Temple*, they must soon be at the *head*.

6.

Your Lovers are Phrenologists, for plainly it appears,
That if they do fall deep in love, they're over *head*
and *ears*.

To a Lunatic Asylum, if the Lover then has fled,
He's called insane, because forsooth, the man's out of
his *head*.

7.

Your Soldier in the battle-field, your Sailor on the wa-
ters,
Are both Phrenologists, we know, if they are at *head-*
quarters.

If skul-king or if scul-ling—where they both do heave
the lead—

Your Soldier and your Sailor, always like to shoot
a-head.

8.

Your Doctor often takes the casts of broken *heads*,
in plaster ;

And if you're crazy, scullcap, then, is good for the dis-
aster.

Your Teacher to the study of Phrenology is bred, Sir,
He bumps the scholar's scull about, then says 'Hold
up your *head*, Sir.'

9.

Poor Debtors cannot get *a-head*, and so they get to
prison—

And guilty rogues can't hide their *heads*; and so they
twist their wizen.

Your *headstrong* Tom and Jerry *sprees*, make bumps
as big as melons,

And a poultice from Jack Ketch is good to raise the
heads of felons.

10.

Your Farmer's a Phrenologist, for when his cattle's
bred,

He calculates the cash they'll come to, at so much
per head.

Your Auctioneer expatiates upon his Catalogue's *heads*;

Your Cooper, every morning, likes to lecture upon
hogs-heads.

11.

Your Phrenologic-field-fanatic, halloas himself hoarse,
And splits your ears, while splitting up the *heads* of
his discourse.

Your Ladies trouble not their *heads*, when they are
asked to blab age;

Your Tailor likes developements of many *heads* of
cabbage.

12.

May we, my friends, with all our *hearts*, each vicious
course abjure ;

For that the sin will be upon our *heads*, you may be sure ;

They are not *blockheads*, that are good, nor need they
fear, when dead,

Truth's lithographic likeness on the last stone at
their head.



THE DEMON OF THE DISTILLERY.

TRANSLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE COMIC ANNUAL, FROM
THE GERMAN OF ZANDTACLAUS VAN HACKENSACKEN,
AUTHOR OF TALES AND TRADITIONS OF A TEN-PIN-
ALLEY.

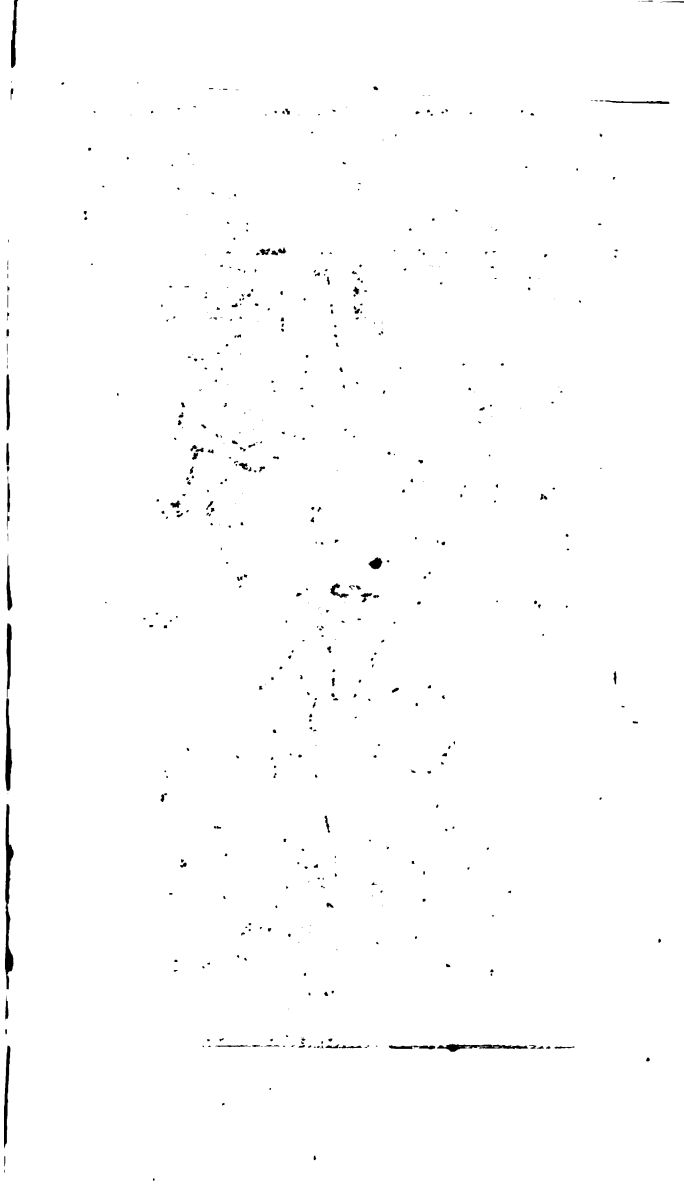
'Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.'

MACBETH.

'At last he found the bottle with the rest of the Devil's Elixir, which he directly opened and smelt at: then he seemed to tremble convulsively in every limb: he uttered a loud and indescribable cry; He, he, he! He, he, he! which echoed in faltering reverberations through the room and passages.'

E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

ABOUT three and three-quarter miles from the celebrated city of Skunksburgh, stands the *Bugaboo's Glen!* where, deeply shadowed by a sheltering shroud of fencing foliage, may still be seen the venerable and newly raised ruins of that once popular public house, called 'The Devil's Punch Bowl.' There, instead of the jovial laugh of the Cricketer, with his bat and ball, which once was wont to echo through the now tottering tenement, the shuddering stranger



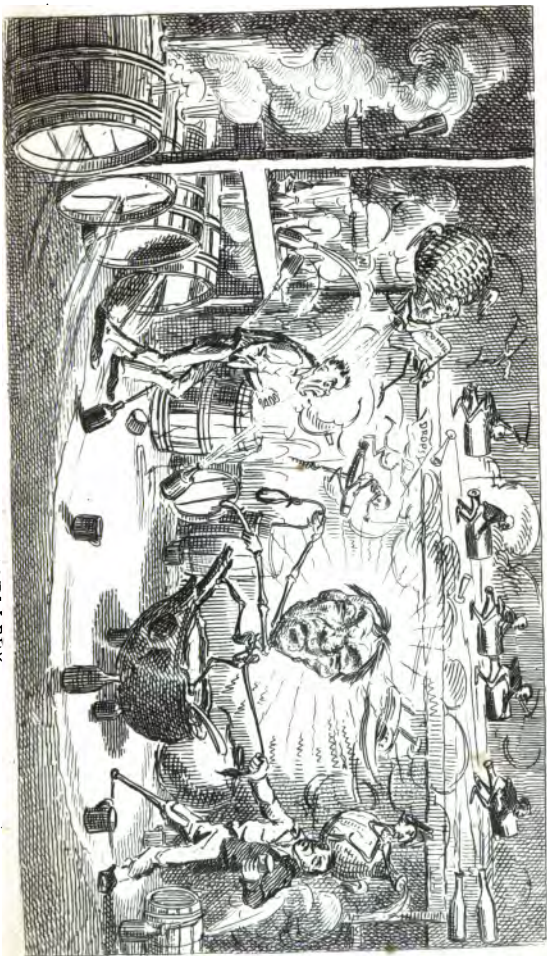
THEY WERE THE ONLY TWO WHO WERE
 NOT IN THE LINE OF THE ANTI-FASS
 MOVEMENT. THE OTHERS WERE ALL
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NOW WATCHING TENSELY; THE STRANGER

DEMON OF THE DISTILLERY





listens to the cheerless chirrup of the chimney cricket, and the fearful fluttering of a living bat. Within the bottleless bar, where the flap of the landlord's coat was seen, nothing is heard but the flap of the owl's wing. The refreshing squall of unapparelled urchins, masculine and feminine, is succeeded by the melancholy and monotonous cry of the Whippoorwill and Katydid. The rawboned and ravenous rat, runs rioting round the cold, cold kitchen, o'er which the unconscious and uncaring kitten capered, in all the gaiety of fun and fugaciousness. But the bell of the wooden Dutch-cloek strikes the midnight hour still; and then strange sights are heard, and stranger sounds are seen; and where the stomach was filled with fried tripe, the soul is filled with fearful tremor. The empty wolf, when the moon is full, then prowls, and growls, and scowls, and howls, in horrible hoarseness, and unearthly voices are colloquializing in the air. In short, the scene is replete with all the qualities of *Der Frieschutzism*!*

In the year 18—, at the early part of an evening late in August, about the twentyfirst day of that month, a

* *Note by the Author.* I regret that the inefficiency of our legislation as to literary property, will prevent a prosecution for piracy; but, on comparison, it will be seen that the Author of *Der Frieschutz* has taken great liberties with the nature, and even names of 'The Demon of the Distillery.'

select, but singularly mysterious party had congregated at 'The Devil's Punch Bowl,' for the purpose apparently of deciding a wager, which had been previously laid, upon the superiority of their qualifications, and preeminency of skill, in the science of ten-pins. The civil code of Skunksburgh contained severe enactments against all proprietors of public amusements; and Patrician committees, with Roman firmness, were selected to put down the wooden Decemviri as soon as they were set up.

It is by gradually diverting, not suddenly impeding the progress of a stream, that we best drain the land of superfluous irrigation. The party had openly played the game of nine-pins in Skunksburgh for mere harmless amusement and wholesome exercise—the voice of vigilance pronounced its anathema—they went to 'The Devil's Punch Bowl,' and secretly gambled for gain! and evaded the law by adding a tenth pin. The group assembled in the ten-pin alley was composed of the following four principal characters. Old Burnhard, the conscientious and corpulent landlord of 'The Devil's Punch Bowl;' Hatoff, a juvenile baker boy, upon whose youthful and benevolent brow sat a simplicity, that enlisted, instantaneously, every affection in his favor. The sweetness of expression upon his lips, was only equalled by the sweetness of his own gingerbread, that went between them. On

that day, by an extraordinary coincidence, he attained, on the said twentyfirst of August, the age of twentyone years—the time, in which he expected to be out of his time. He was in the flour of his days, and seemed destined by the yeast of genius, to rise as rapidly in the world, as his lightest loaf in the oven.

The third personage was Kill-lion, an interesting chimney-sweeper. The characteristics of his countenance formed a strong contrast to the doughy delicacy, and pale pensiveness, which marked the features of Hatoff; for his complexion was dark; but the sooty hue that spread a partial cloud over his animated face, resulted from the industrious exercise of his profession,—and his honest ambition was to be at the top of it; for when, as

‘ The raven rocked her in the chimney top,’

he shouted from that elevation, he felt proud of his *high calling*.

But the most mysterious and marvellous individual—and one who seemed to attract the universal curiosity of the crowd—was a singular being, familiarly called by his companions; Catspaw. He stood unsocially aloof from the circle, and seemed evidently wrapped in thought and a thick blue pee-jacket. He surveyed the fluctuations of fortune, or the triumphs of talent, which alternately varied the pro-

gress of the game; and a smile of mingled scorn and satisfaction, blended with a frown, that withered up the faculties, and conveyed an indefinite sense of some undeterminable feeling. As he rapidly received his piece of short-cut tobacco, from the inflexible Burnhard, he cut short all conversation by a sudden glance, which seemed to say, in the language of Horace,

‘Quicquid precipies esto brevis.’

He maintained a deathlike silence. It was broken but for an instant. His pocket was handkerchiefless, and the application of his fore-finger and thumb produced a trumpet-like twang, that seemed to issue from the deepest recesses of his nasal caverns!

But his right eye! for the snuffers of destiny had extinguished the light of his left, or, in the expressive phraseology of the sensitive hostler of ‘The Devil’s Punch Bowl,’ his *off* eye. And fatal was the hour, when his right was left. To look upon that eye was to gaze upon the large dull circle of dead green glass, fixed in a ship’s deck. He had also been deprived of his left leg without his own consent. It was thus. Wandering one night near a garden, he casually happened to climb over the wall. The shadow of a cloud interposed between the moon and ‘*Man Traps*,’ which was obscurely traced in white characters upon

a black board, and prevented his taking advantage of the kind caution, even had he known how to read. Attracted to a house, by fate—and the family plate, the former, in the form of an iron trap, fastened its fangs, like the Prodigal's, upon the 'fatted calf,'—and it is a severe *mortification* to have a limb of the law cut off in its prime; so he sought the limb of a tree, and wore a wooden leg. So much for digression. We now return. He took from the interior of a red woollen cap, a monstrous cigar, the longest of the long-nines, and seizing a match impregnated with brimstone, thrust it forcibly into a box, internally phosphoric. The match suddenly ignited, and he applied the blue flame to the extremity of the Virginian weed, which now projected from his capacious jaws, portentous as a congreve rocket. Sulphurous vapor ascended from the masticating crater, and imperceptible atoms of white shadows in shapeless symmetry were distinctly seen, dancing like supernatural marble statues among the thin transparent breathings of the opaque mistiness.

He professed to be a vender of scarce books. But all instinctively shrunk and shuddered with terror, from a perusal of the terrible list, on which were inscribed in blood-red letters—'Faustus'—'Frankenstein'—'The Wood Dæmon'—'The Bottle-Imp'—'Der Frieschutz'—'The Devil's Elixir'—'The Death-

Fetch'—'The Devil's Cargo'—'Blue Devils'—'The Devil to pay,'—'The Lady and the Devil;' and though last, not least, 'The Devil's Walk,' with devilish clever illustrations by Cruikshanks.

As the game progressed towards its termination, the agitated baker-boy, in secret agony, saw his antagonist knock down the ten pins, and knock up his hopes—until, in tenfold misery, he rushed from the gloom-illuminated alley, exclaiming, 'I've lost fourpence-ha'penny, and that's every d—n cent I've got!'

Some parents consider swearing a sign of spirit in their children; but as the classic Zandtaclus has it, *Dis gustibus non est, &c.* 'If you 'll come here in the morning, I'll give you your revenge,' hallooed the triumphant chimney-sweeper.

As the revolving light, in some dark night, placed upon some reefy rock or wrecking promontory, by degrees comes out of murkiness to the mariner's distant view,—so the uncombed head of Catspaw slowly turned to the entrance of the ten-pin alley, through which the sledge hammer of misfortune, like a ten-penny nail, had driven its victim. *The eye* almost dilated to the diameter of a glass globe, the frequent tenant of a druggist's window. It seemed lighted up by a preternatural gas burner, and emitted the transparent glare of a crimson medium. His steps were bent, for he was lame, towards the door, and he fol-

lowed the pale youth, who had so recklessly and recently lost his game, his temper, and his four-pence-ha'penny !

* * * * *

The last reverberation of the last sound, from the last stroke of the cuckoo-clock, faintly and fearfully foretold, that the first minute of the fifth, had succeeded the fourth hour of the morning. The bar-room had long been locked up, and its keeper had been laid down. Here and there upon the sanded floor, lay the deserted remnants of the half-consumed cigar ; and the finger of incipient genius—some future Arrowsmith—had traced sundry liquid maps, with little ponds of wasted beer, upon the variegated surface of the stained deal table.

How unfrequently do we discover the magnificence of the future, in the insignificance of the present !—By some strange mistake, the chisel that would have rivalled Chantrey, has chipped stones in a state prison ; an infant Lawrence has become an adult white-washer ; some baby 'Byron is among the English 'bards' that make a 'pilgrimage' to South Wales, and the little elegant exercises in the drawings of beer on the table, at 'The Devil's Punch Bowl,' proved, that refinement of intellect, though immature, is not incompati-

ble with vulgarity, and may sometimes appertain to those, who, in Lord Chesterfield's select words, 'make swill-tubs of their stomachs.'

And at that table, sat the mysterious Catspaw, and the miserable Hatoff.

'Come, come!' exclaimed the former, in a voice deep and sepulchral as the sound that the breath of infancy summons from a penny trumpet cracked; Don't make a muns of yourself, because you've been done out of your six-and-a-quarter-cents. You won't think as how I'm a going for to come Captain Quizby over you, when I say you're about as bad a bowler as I ever clapped my peeper upon; if you ar' n't, blow me tight into a gin shop.'

'Ah!' replied Hatoff, 'my candid, but cursed ugly friend, if the accents I now adopt are best calculated to convey an adequate idea of my present anguish, I will inform you, that disappointed ambition has produced a spasmodic contraction of the abdomen.'

'Are you subject to it?' eagerly inquired Catspaw, with an exulting expression of anticipated triumph.

'Very,' continued the excruciated baker-boy; 'especially in the plum season.'

'I should n't wonder if you had the colic,' said Catspaw.

'Oh! name it not, one-eyed companion of my bosom! for, should the symptoms continue as violent as

now, my thirst for vengeance on the scientific sweep, would be unslaked ; but happily I carry a box of Anderson's pills, and—'

'Pills? pooh! then you are clear for trying your hand at the game again.'

'By all the powers—'

'Then you shall wallop the ducky!' interrupted Catspaw. He then drew a leathern flask from the deep recesses of his wide waistcoat pocket, and having extracted from its orifice the buoyant substance called a cork, he let a curious and colorless liquid descend into a bottomless wine-glass, until it overflowed, and presented it to the lips of Hatoff, who, regardless of the coming consequences, drank it up at a single gulp. The effects of that draught were magical. It was no common gin that he had quaffed. The Schiedam had been distilled seven times in an Egyptian catacomb, and an embalmed anaconda had been the worm of that still. The instantaneous renovation of his paralyzed powers induced him to assert, that 'he felt much better in the *lower regions*.'

Scarcely had the four last syllables escaped his lips, ere the wooden leg of Catspaw seemed shaken to the centre, as if instinctively agitated by the blast, that once, in its days of innocence and peace, when it formed a branch of the lofty elm, swept by its budding beauty, and whispered its leafy love.

‘To the alley! to the alley!’ shouted Catspaw.

‘Hold!’ cried Hatoff, ‘what would do?’

In his struggle to detain the furious Catspaw, he tore open his blue pee-jacket, and from its folds there dropped a bowling-ball. The wondering baker-boy in the excess of his curiosity caught it up. It was lighter than the lightest feather! The face of Catspaw grew pallid, and his eye waxed dark as the bull’s eye impressed upon a target.

‘Follow me,’ said the latter, as he limped towards the ten-pin-alley, ‘as sure as this wooden pin has got me into a *hobble*, so sure shall the next game of ten pins get the sweep into a worse *scrape* than ever he was in before; but conceal the ball quick! put it into your pill-box.’

The astonished youth seemed struck all of a heap at the proposed impossibility; but, mechanically pressing the ball between his hands, it shrunk to the dimensions of a bolus. He placed it with the Anderson’s, and put on the lid of the box.

All these events took place in much less time than they are related. The party had arrived at the alley, and the second game began. It was continued with equal success, till near the end, when the nervous baker-boy found that he must get nine to tie, and ten to win. Only two balls were left. With the desperation of madness he launched the first, and nine pins lay

prostrate—the tenth remained standing. He hesitated, and was about to bowl, when Catspaw whispered, ‘The ball in the box!’

At that moment Catspaw pressed his wooden leg upon the tender corn of a bystander, who, uttering an exclamation, attracted the general attention; during which time Hatoff opened the pill-box, and the ball expanded to its proper magnitude. Another instant, and the ball had struck the solitary pin! It flew into a million of atoms! of which a microscopic view has since been taken, and may be engraved. A peal of thunder rattled over their heads, of course—but the baker-boy stood firm—he was accustomed to *peels*. The ten pins became animated, and danced unnatural reels. By some unknown hand the balls were rolled down, and the board was rolled up like a piece of writing paper, and the manly Hatoff—fainted away!

* * * * *

‘Hav’ n’t you a drop of that gin left?’

‘No,’ replied Catspaw; ‘I should have had, if you had n’t had such an unmerciful swig when you was attackted with that infernal colic. Howsomedever I can put you up to the way of gitten it, whenever you ’re a mind to.’

‘When?’ inquired Hatoff.

‘To night at twelve.’

‘Where?’

‘At the distillery.’

‘Which?’

‘The deserted one, in Brimstone lane.’

‘I ’ll go. Man cannot struggle with his fate. The mere mention of the Distillery makes me guess its import, and the finger-board of fate directs me to a world of spirits!’

From the beginnings of civilisation, the language of the schoolmen has proved, that there are moments in the hours of human existence, when the faculties of comprehension are called into more active operation, from the unexpected application of external energy; and the daily experience of precocious philosophers has demonstrated it at the latter end, *a posteriori*.

• If the axiom has no apparent bearing upon the present subject, it is left to conjecture to make the application.

Twilight came in her second-hand suit of mourning, and was succeeded by night in a new and full suit of black. At the eleventh hour—it might be a few minutes before or after—he of the evil eye and his victim entered the distillery. The wind moaned rushing through its unglazed and sashless windows, the flickering flame of customary blue gleamed from

the solitary lamp, and imparted a double degree of dreariness to the alcoholic atmosphere,

The range of lofty and aristocratic monuments, to the memory of the ancient families of Champaign, Burgundy, Madeira, Port, Sherry, and Claret, entombed within the tierce, and pipe, and hoghead, were majestically contrasted with the plebeians,—butts, barrels, kegs, and quarter-casks, wherein, dead long ago, reposed the humbler remains of Porter, and Ale, and Cider. The constantly cogitating Catspaw, in sullen silence drew a cabalistic circle, with a piece of fear-inspiring chalk, upon the ground floor. He then placed six blue-bottles—not flies, and six cups—not tea-cups, upon the necromantic ring, equidistant from each other; while his lonely eye beamed ‘with a green and yellow melancholy,’ like a wash-ball of mottled soap, as he held in his hand an infant-essence phial. After extracting, with some difficulty, the stopper, he muttered in a stunning whisper the following intelligible invocation, while the hair of Hatoff’s head rose like the quills upon the frightful hedgehog.

3nl. Edgk. Smbt !

4p. Rgtf Sci Ldm !!

Csht Dht Kfy Bf !!!

When the echo of this horrible summons had subsided, a fine, thin, red smoke, like the unsubstantial skeleton of an attenuated vapor, ascended from the phial, and imperceptibly assumed the form of deep-red drops of fourth proof brandy. It was Sammyhell, the '*Demon of the Distillery!*'

* * * * *

'Will you brew the punch yourself?' cried Catspaw, as he bent over the mammoth bowl, made out of an elephant's scull, and took the monstrous ladle.

'Alas! my friend,' said Hatoff, in a placid paroxysm of reproach, 'and must the misery of self-condemnation be added to the multiplication table of my never-to-be-subtracted sum of sorrow? With overwhelming shame, I confess that I have undervalued the principles of punch making, and have devoted my mental and physical forces to the amalgam of solids, rather than liquids. I am as ignorant as an A. S. S.'

'Then take this piece of charmed chalk, and mark me—no—I did n't mean that you should mark my jacket—but my job. Whatever you may feel, or hear, or taste, or see, or smell, you must stand stock still. If you had fifteen instead of five, you must be out of your senses—and don't forget that the inflamed eye of the Demon of the Distillery is on you, and he won't stand no nonsense!'

Then he of the wooden leg proceeded to pour into the elephant's skull, or the '*K-put more to 'em,*' as he termed it, the mystic and invisible ingredients, exclaiming,

'Firstly,

'Boiling water from the Red Sea!

'Nextly,

'Smuggled Whiskey from Dooughnadee!

'Thirdly,

'Sugar with a sweetening power!

'Lastly,

'Lemons particularly sour!'

'And now,' cried Catspaw, 'to charm the charmer with a charming incantation!' Here, the lute-like harmony, from the soft breathings of a thousand bagpipes, gently stole upon the sleeping air, in notes that seemed to say, 'Go to the devil and shake yourself,' as Catspaw thus proceeded—

'Sammyhell a boon I beg,
By my well and wooden leg—
We ask for that 'ere bowling ball,
What 'll knock down one and all.
Give us all the queer ingredients,
And we 'll remain your most obedient.
Bumpers seven we swallow now,
And also, if so be as how
The time will any way allow,
We 'll get as drunk as David's sow.
Now! now! now!

‘ONE!’

thundered the desperate Catspaw, as he and his devoted victim, swallowed, with the swiftness of chain lightning, the first bumper of the unhallowed punch. The dead Porter rose frothing in foaming confusion, from the bung-holes of the convulsive casks. Corks, like cannon balls, bounded from the ginger pop bottles, and apparitions of hop-poles arose from the beer.

‘TWO!!’

The cider barrels were burst open,—and rotten apples, in russet night-caps, with leafy wings, flew round the Distillery, crying ‘Go it, my pippin!’

‘THREE!!!’

Lengthy and liquid spectres, with heads of juniper berries, darted from the casks of Gin, threatening all with blue ruin.

‘FOUR!!!!’

Regiments of *cordial* Demons, riding upon demi-johns, galloped round the circle, pouring in repeated volleys from their diabolical pop-guns.

‘FIVE!!!!!’

The skeletons of transparent jockies, in crimson jackets and white-top boots, were racing on decanters, over a champagne country—and visionary fire-ships seemed sailing on a sea of Madeira, and vainly striving to get into Port.

‘SIX!!!!!!’

Myriads of dirty, degraded fiends, started from the puncheons, personifying Disease, Deformity, and Death! and vociferating ‘Rum, rum, rum!’

‘SEVEN!!!!!!’

The Demon of the Distillery, from the form of a drop of brandy swelled into the scarlet circumference of a mid-day sun, and presented to the horror-stricken Hatoff a pistol and a halter. The shrieking wretches that had yielded to his infatuation, passed in writhing anguish before him, and seemed withered and parched up with an unquenchable fever. Pyramids of fleshless forms, the human sacrifices to this thrice infernal Juggernaut, lay piled in suicidal profusion, while with the groans and curses of buried millions, were mingled warnings against the

DEMON OF THE DISTILLERY.

Note, by the Translator. The remainder of the MS. was so perfectly mutilated, and so plainly illegible, that we can only gather a glimpse of Catspaw's final catastrophe. It appears that he still frequented the Bowling Alley, and by some likely improbability, he used the magic ball, which, instead of striking the ten pins, after rolling half way, turned back, and shattered his wooden one, and thus terminated, most unsatisfactorily, the demoniac leg-end.

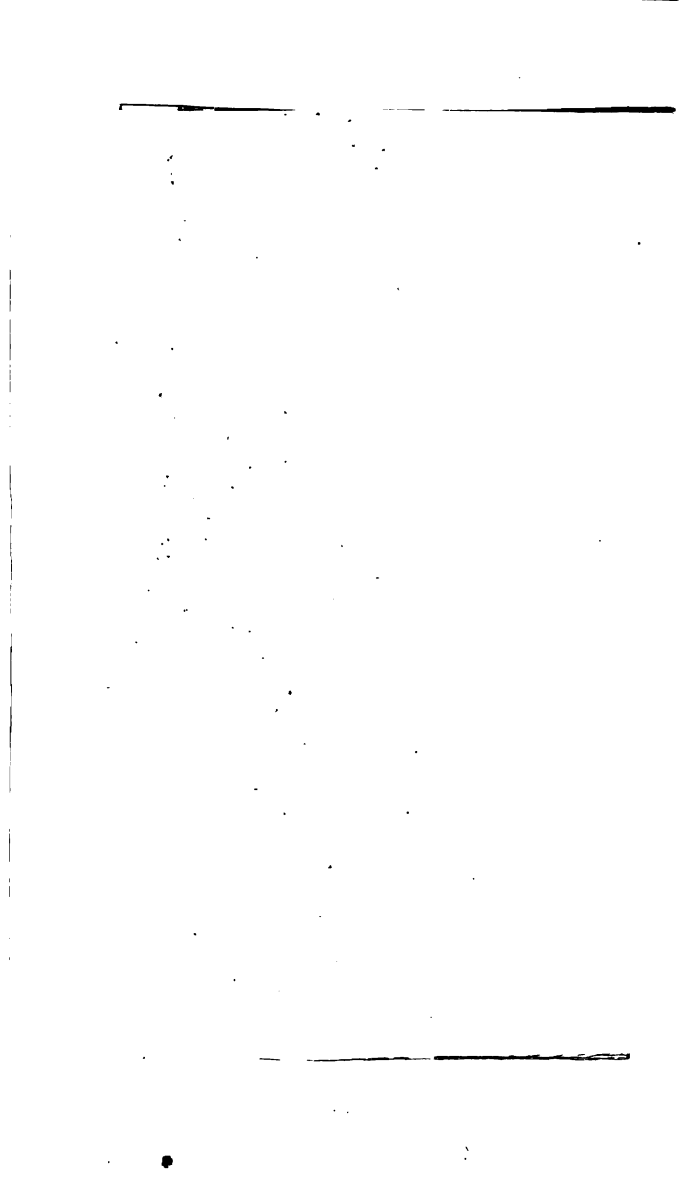
Obvious Inference. The crooked ways of Old Nick require a *demon-strator*.

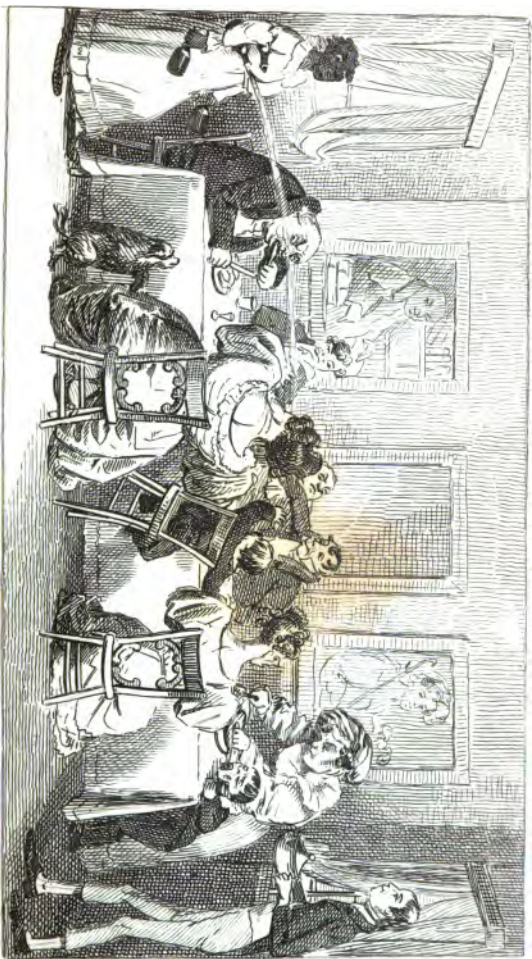
THANKSGIVING.

THE Reverend Mr Burnall had just finished the Governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving Day, when the congregation of the church in Bugborough were alarmed by the simultaneous outcry of a hundred thousand domestic fowls ; *videlicet*, turkies, geese, ducks, and chickens. Chanticleer was heard to vociferate anything but Amen, when he heard the ominous sound of ' God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,' which he knew to be the conclusion of a death-warrant for his beloved partlets.

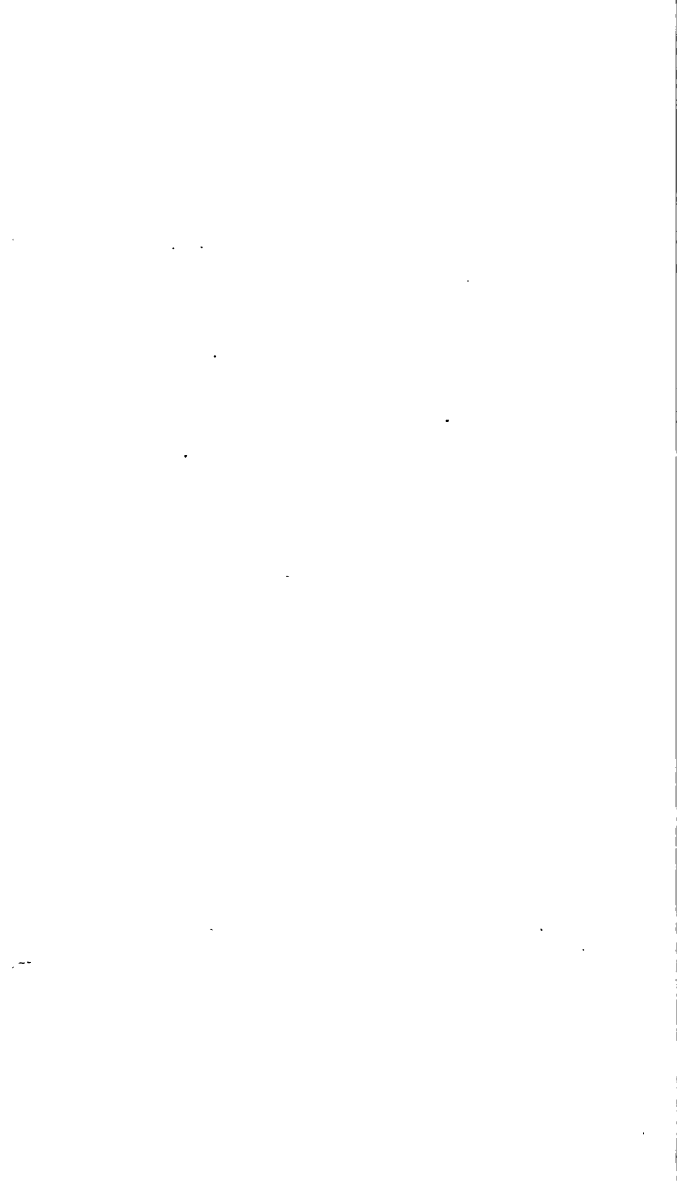
The day appointed for Thanksgiving was the subsequent Thursday ; and as the boys and girls hastened home from church, they involuntarily smacked their lips, at the glorious prospect of mince-piè and plum-puddings, while the old ladies forgot the sermon in a dream of mortars and pestles, spices and fresh butter.

' I hope,' said Mrs Oilynose to her beloved spouse, ' that we shall have a good day on Thursday—for Squire Runnet, you know, and his wife and sister, and neighbour Ball and his two brothers, are going for to dine with us, and it would be a nation pity to rain !'





THANKS-GIVING



‘So it would, my ducky,’ responded the little round fat oily man of ware; ‘but what are you to have for dinner?’

‘Why as to that, dear, I intended to have punkin-pies and a great apple slump, and a leg of bacon and plum-pudd’n for the first course—and then a roast turkey and a plenty of inyons and apple-sauce—and I guess as how we had better have some boiled chickens too, and squash-pies, and things.’

‘Very good!’ ejaculated Mr Oilynose.

‘Pa!’ wheezed out his little son, as he turned up a baboon phiz to his affectionate sire, ‘will you buy me a bladder to play foot-ball?’

‘Silence,’ said the father, ‘it is a Sabba’ day, Joel.’ And Joel wiped his proboscis on his sleeve, and run after a frog that was practising gymnastics on the town common.

Like an Alexandrine, the following Monday and Tuesday dragged their slow lengths along—Wednesday came—and huge squashes suffered the fate of Louis Capet. The chopping-knife sounded, and the pestles never ceased. A capacious brass wash-kettle hung over the kitchen fire, looking like a deep charger, containing John the Baptist’s head; for there was a pumpkin smoking, which would have weighed down two fiftysixes. Little Joel was running through the kitchen, occasionally thrusting his fingers into the

mince tray, and sometimes his mamma allowed him to notch the pastry with a knife ; and then he never failed to rub his elbows in flour, and besmear himself with butter. And once he excited the admiration of the whole kitchen by tumbling into the ash-hole, where the cat had retired to nose out a bone.

Thanksgiving Day at length arrived, ushered in by a cloudy sky, and a slight 'flurry of snow,' just deep enough to make the Boston Frog-pond more amusing to the boys, as they glided over the 'kiddledee-benders,' and chased some poor bow-legged nigger from their skating ground. The Capulets were not earlier at work on Juliet's wedding day, than the Oilynoses on Thanksgiving morning. The oven was heated betimes, the jack was wound up, and the spit covered with fowls ; and just then the second bell rung for church.

Mrs Oilynose did not go to church that morning, for shé was obliged to superintend the culinary department of the mansion-house ; but the old gentleman went, with the young ones, in whose hands he deposited a four-pence-half-penny, to put in the contribution-box—reserving a twenty-cent-piece himself, which he wrapped carefully in a piece of white paper, either for modesty's sake, or to make its contents appear what they were not.

Perhaps it would be as well to pass by the religious services, as very few persons had presence of mind enough to listen. So we will suppose everything done in decency and in order, and the anthem squawked out, as usual in a country meetinghouse.

There was a hurrying to and fro, at the mansion house of the Oilynoses, when the good lady turning suddenly to her better part (*half* I would have said, but for her peculiar bulk).—‘My love, who shall we get to tend table?’

‘Simon Snooks, dear: he ’ll do it just as *easy*—but I ’ll attend to them things, I guess—only you git things ready.’

Know all men by these presents, to whom they shall come, greeting, that Simon was neither more, nor less, than an ostler—his duty being to curry one horse, or one ass (for it was never ascertained exactly which of the two the animal was), and to milk four cows. Consequently, Simon was not the most accomplished waiter in the world, and would have stood a poor chance along side of a French *garçon*.

There was a damask cloth spread over the board—a luxury, which Mrs Oilynose never indulged in but once a year—the salt-cellars were furnished with spoons, and every plate supplied with a fresh roll, and a doily. The room was furnished with more

than common regard to neatness. Curtains were put to the windows, and the portraits of Mr and Mrs Oilynose hung up—he was represented as a literary man, and she as a shepherdess. The pumpkin pies and apple slump, bacon and plum-pudding, were smoking on the table, when the old gentleman, gathering round him his smiling guests, said grace in the following manner: ‘May God bless us, and what is provided for us.’ The old lady responded ‘Amen,’ while her eyes rested on the pudding, with devouring glances.

‘Shall I help you to anything this ere end of the table?’ said Mrs Oilynose to her cousin Lucinda Twig.

‘Why I do n’t care if I do take a piece of that pie—a very small piece.’

Accordingly she was helped to a square foot of slump.

Mr Oilynose, having taken a glass of bitters before dinner, was so intent on satisfying his own appetite, that Squire Ball was left unprovided for, and, like the fellow in the cook’s shop, was glad to feed on the flavor of the savory viands about him.

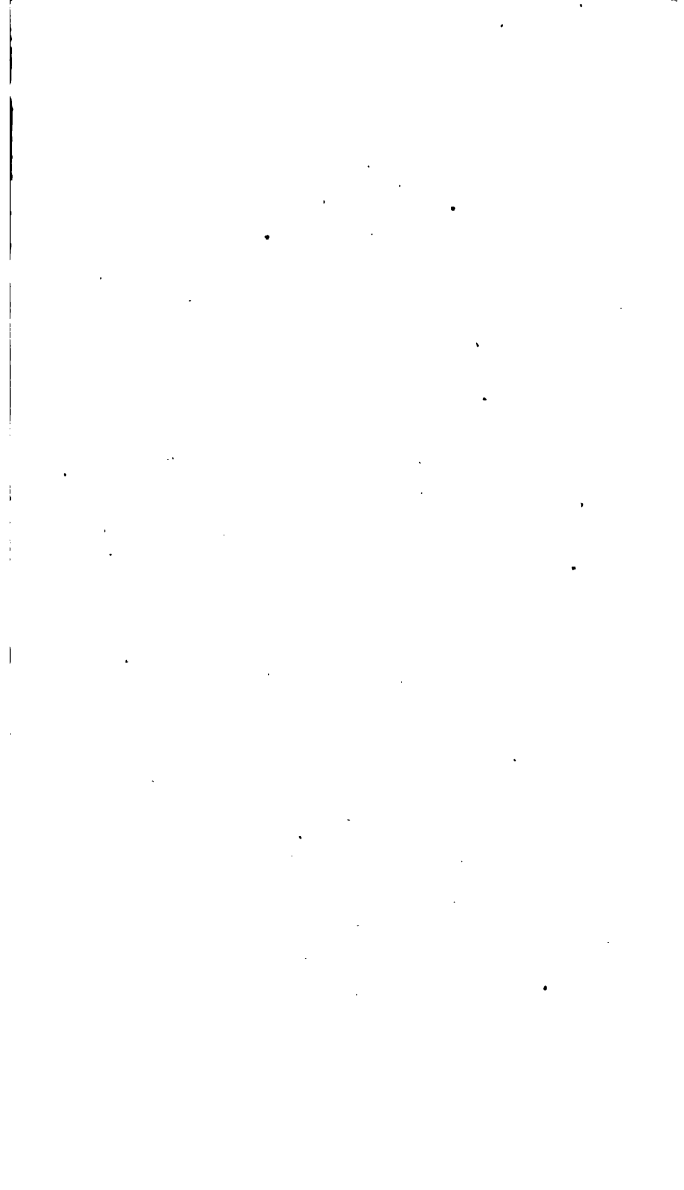
‘Dinah!’ bawled out the hungry gentleman, ‘bring me some porter.’

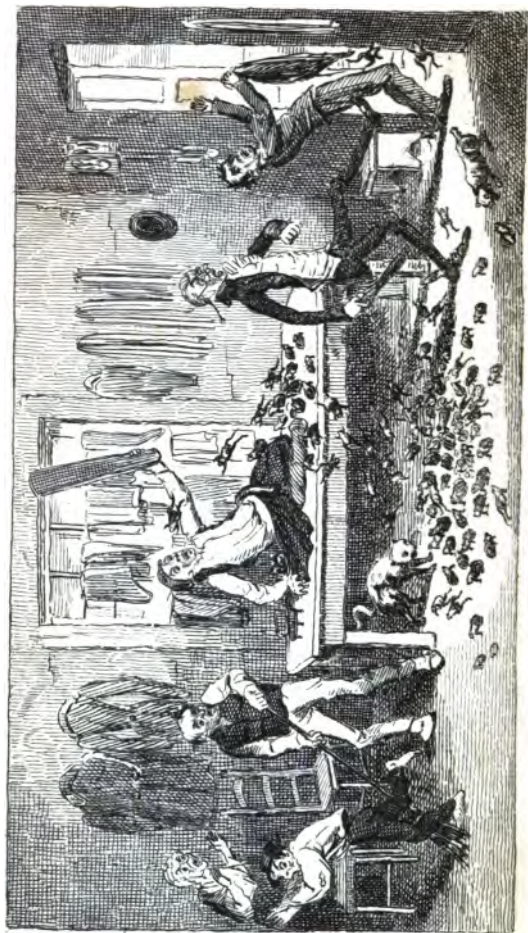
Dinah shortly appeared, with four or five bottles. But, just as she came within hitting distance of the

old girl, one of the corks, feeling a little restless, jumped out, when about a pint of porter whizzed, like water from an engine-pipe, against the rosy face of Mistress Dorothy Snorks, which so astounded the lady, that she lost her centre of gravity, and, tumbling against her darling boy, pitched him head over heels into the lap of Miss Tantaug. At this moment, when confusion seemed worse confounded, little Joel, having swallowed a piece of hot pudding, began to 'scream violently, and whether from over-exerting himself or not, had what is not called 'the dry heaves,' as the table-cloth testified, and the washerwoman asserted some time after. There was a pretty scene for Hogarth. In fact, the humors of a real Yankee Thanksgiving dinner were never more whimsically set forth. But where is Simon, the waiter? Just emerging from the kitchen with a large dish of gravy, he entered the dining-room, looking like a measly pig, and vociferated as loud as thunder, through a key-hole, 'Is there nobody that wants no more grease?'

It would be an endless task to attempt a discussion of the dinner table, and the conversation which the hilarity of the occasion produced. Mr Oilynose fell fast asleep over his fourth bottle, the females retired to take a snooze, and the children had their bellies

greased, and were in this condition laid before the fire to stretch. That night Mr O— dreamt that a rhinoceros was standing on his stomach, and with frightful screams awoke, to the music of his partner's slumbers.





THE FROG-CATCHER



THE FROG CATCHER.

' Methought I heard a voice cry " Sleep no more ! " '

Macbeth.

If you want to catch a *ginu-wine* Yankee, you must take a trip up to the State of Vermont. There they shoot up like weeds, generally ranging from six to seven feet in stature. The bait at which they snap is a ' great bargain,' and a tinman's cart is the only show-box in which they are willing to be exhibited. Matthews, who took his Yankee from Kentucky, made as great a bull as the old Frenchman, that hired an Irish servant to teach him the English pronunciation.

Once upon a time, there lived in a town in Vermont, a little whipper-snapper of a fellow, named Timothy Drew. Timmy was not more than five feet one, in his thick-soled boots. When standing by the side of his tall neighbours, he appeared like a dwarf, among giants. Tall people are too apt to look down on those of less dimensions. Thus did the long-legged Yankees hector poor Timmy for not being a greater man. But what our hero wanted in bulk, he made up in spirit.

This is generally the case with small men. As for Timmy, he was 'all pluck and gristle!' No steel-trap was smarter!

How such a little one grew on the Green Mountains, was always a mystery. Whether he was actually raised there, is indeed uncertain. Some say he was of Canadian descent, and was brought to the States by a Vermont pedlar, who took him in barter for wooden cucumber-seeds. But Timmy was above following the cart. He disliked trade, as too precarious a calling, and preferred a mechanic art. Though small, Timmy always knew which side of his bread had butter on it. Let it not be supposed that Timothy Drew always put up with coarse gibes at his size. On necessary occasions he was 'chock full of fight.' To be sure, he could not strike higher than the abdomen of his associates; but his blows were so rapid that he beat out the daylights of a ten-footer, before one could say 'Jack Robinson.' A threat from Timmy was enough. How many belligerents have been quelled by this expressive admonition;—'If you say that 'ere again, I'll knock you into the middle of next week!' This occurred in Timmy's younger days. Age cooled his transports, and taught him to endure. He thought it beneath the dignity of an old man to quarrel with idle striplings.

Timmy Drew was a natural shoemaker. No man

could hammer out a piece of sole-leather with such expedition. He used his knee for a lap-stone, and by dint of thumping, it became as hard and stiff as an iron hinge. Timmy's shop was situated near the foot of a pleasant valley on the edge of a pond above which thousands of water lilies lifted their snowy heads. In the spring, it was a fashionable watering-place for bull-frogs, who gathered there from all parts, to spend the warm season. Many of these were of extraordinary size, and they drew near his shop, raised their heads, and swelled out their throats like bladders, until the walkin rung with their music. Timmy, engaged at his work, beat time for them with his hammer, and the hours passed away as pleasantly as the day is long.

Timmy Drew was not one of those shoemakers that eternally stick to their bench like a ball of wax. It was always his rule to carry his work to the dwellings of his customers, to make sure of the fit. On his way home, he usually stopped at the tavern to inquire the news, and take a drop of something to drink. Here it was that the wags fastened upon him with their jokes, and often made him feel as uncomfortable as a short-tailed horse in fly-time. Still Timmy loved to sit in the bar, and talk with the company, which generally consisted of jolly pedlars, recruiting from the fatigues of the last cruise. With such society much was to be learned, and Timmy listened with intense

curiosity to their long-spun tales of the wonderful and wild. There is no person that can describe an incredible fact with greater plausibility than a Yankee pedlar. His difficult profession teaches him to preserve an iron gravity in expatiating on his wares, which in few cases can be said to recommend themselves. Thus, narratives, sufficient to embarrass the speech of any other relater, carry with them conviction, when soberly received from such a respectable source.

These pedlars took great delight in imposing on the credulity of Timmy Drew. Some of the stories stuffed into his ears were astonishing. One man had been to the South, and gave a marvellous account of the alligators. He had seen one scampering into the water with a full grown negro in his mouth. Another told a story of a great Canadian Giant that weighed 1250lbs. in his stockings. Another had seen in Boston the Living Skeleton, with ribs as bare as a gridiron. A fourth had been to New York, and described the great Anaconda, which made nothing of mouthing a live goat for its breakfast. A fifth enlarged on the size of the Shark, 'which swallowed Mr Joseph Blaney, as exhibited by his son.' The wonderful leaps of Sam Patch lost nothing in their recital here; and the mysterious Sea Serpent, not more than one hundred yards long in Boston, was drawn out

to double that length in being trailed up to Vermont behind a tinman's cart. One pedlar told what great smokers the people were in the city of New Orleans. Said he, 'The very mosquitoes flit about the streets in the night with cigars in their mouths!' 'Yes,' replied another, 'and *what* mosquitoes they are! By the living hoky, I have seen them flying around as big as a goose, with a brick-bat under their wings, to sharpen their stings on!!!'

It would be impossible to repeat all the jokes played off on the poor shoemaker. The standing jest, however, was on his diminutive stature, which never was more conspicuous than in their company, for most of them were as tall as bean-poles. On this subject Timmy once gave them a memorable retort. Half a dozen of the party were sitting by the fire, when our hero entered the room. He sat down, but they affected to overlook him. This goaded Timmy, and he preserved a moody silence. Presently one of them spoke.

'I wonder what has become of little Timmy Drew? I hav' n't seen that are fellow for a week. By gosh! the frogs must have chawed him up.'

'If he was sitting here before your eyes, you would n't see him,' said another, 'he's so darnation small.'

Timmy began to grow uneasy.

'I snaggers,' said another, 'no more you would n't;

for he is n't knee-high to a toad. I called t' other day at his shop to get my new boots ; but I could n't see nobody in the place. Then I heard something scratching in a corner, like a rat. I went to take up a boot, and I heard Timmy sing out, "Halloo!" "Where the dickens are you?" said I. "Here," said Timmy, "in this ere boot;" and, I snaggers, there he was, sure enough, in the bottom of the boot, rasping off a peg!

A general roar of laughter brought Timmy on his legs. His dander was raised. 'You boast of your bulk,' said he, straining up to his full height, and looking contemptuously around; why, I am like a four-penny-bit among *six cents*—worth the whole of ye!'

I shall now describe a melancholy joke, which they played off on the unfortunate shoemaker;—I say melancholy, for so it proved to him.

A fashionable tailor in a neighbouring village came out with a flaming advertisement, which was pasted up in the bar-room of the tavern, and excited general attention. He purported to have for sale a splendid assortment of coats, pantaloons, and waistcoats, of all colors and fashions; also, a great variety of trimmings, such as tape, thread, buckram, *frogs*, button-moulds, and all the endless small articles that make up a tailor's stock.

The next time Timmy made his appearance, they pointed out to him the advertisement. They especially

called his attention to the article of '*frogs*,' and reminded him of the great quantity to be caught in Lily Pond 'Why Timmy,' said they, 'if you would give up shoe-making, and take to frog-catching, you would make your tarnal fortune!'

'Yes, Timmy,' said another, 'you might bag a thousand in a half a day, and folks say they will bring a dollar an hundred.'

'*Two* for a cent apiece, they brought in New York, when I was there last,' said a cross-eyed fellow, tipping the wink.

'There 's frogs enough in Lily Pond,' said Timmy; 'but it's darnation hard work to catch 'em. I swaggers, I chased one nearly half a day before I took him—he jumped like a grasshopper. I wanted him for bait. They 're plaguy slippery fellows.'

'Never mind, Timmy, take a fish net, and scoop 'em up. You must have 'em alive, and fresh. A lot at this time, would fetch a great price.'

'I'll tell you what, Timmy,' said one of them, taking him aside, 'I'll go you shares. Say nothing about it to nobody. To-morrow night, I'll come and help you catch 'em, and we'll divide the gain.' Timmy was in raptures.

As Timmy walked home that night, one of those lucky thoughts came into his head, which are always the offspring of solitude and reflection. Thought he,

‘These ere frogs in a manner belong to me, since my shop stands nearest the pond. Why should I make two bites at a cherry, and divide profits with Jo Gawky? By gravy! I’ll get up early to-morrow morning, catch the frogs, and be off with them to the tailor’s before sunrise, and so keep all the money myself.’

Timmy was awake with the lark. Never before was there such a stir amongst the frogs of Lily Pond. But they were taken by surprise. With infinite difficulty he filled his bag, and departed on his journey.

Mr Buckram, the tailor, was an elderly gentleman, very nervous and very peevish. He was extremely nice in his dress, and prided himself on keeping his shop as neat as wax-work. In his manner he was grave and abrupt, and in countenance severe. I can see him now, handling his shears with all the solemnity of a magistrate, with spectacles on nose, and prodigious ruffles puffing from his bosom.

He was thus engaged one pleasant spring morning, when a short stubbed fellow, with a bag on his shoulder, entered the shop. The old gentleman was absorbed in his employment, and did not notice his visiter. But his inattention was ascribed by Timmy, to deafness, and he approached and applied his mouth to the tailor’s ear, exclaiming—‘I say, mister! do you want any frogs to-day?’

The old gentleman dropped his shears, and sprung back in astonishment and alarm.—‘Do you want any frogs this morning?’ shouted Timmy, at the top of his voice.

‘No!’ said the tailor, eyeing him-over his spectacles, as if doubting whether he was a fool or madman.

‘I have got a fine lot here,’ rejoined Timmy, shaking his bag. ‘They are jest from the pond, and as lively as kittens.’

‘Don’t bellow in my ears,’ said the old man pettishly, ‘I am not deaf. Tell me what you want, and be gone!’

‘I want to sell you these ere frogs, old gentleman. You shall have them at a bargain. Only one dollar a hundred. I won’t take a cent less. Do you want them?’

The old man now got a glance at the frogs, and was sensible it was an attempt at imposition. He trembled with passion. ‘No!’ exclaimed he, ‘get out of my shop, you rascal!’

‘I say you do want ’em,’ said Timmy, bristling up. ‘I *know* you want ’em; but you’re playing offish like, to beat down the price. I won’t take a mill less. Will you have them, or not, old man?’

‘Scoundrel!’ shouted the enraged tailor, ‘get out of my shop this minute!’

Puzzled, mortified and angry, Timmy slowly turned on his heel, and withdrew. 'He won't buy them,' thought he, 'for what they are worth, and as for taking *nothing* for them, I won't. And yet, I do n't want to lug them back again; but if I ever plague myself by catching frogs again, may I be buttered! Curse the old curmudgeon! I'll try him once more—' and he again entered the shop.

'I say, Mr Buckram, are you willing to give me anything for these ere frogs?' The old man was now goaded past endurance. Stamping with rage, he seized his great shears to beat out the speaker's brains.

'Well, then,' said Timmy bitterly, 'take 'em among ye for nothing,'—at the same time emptying the contents of his bag on the floor, and marching out.

Imagine the scene that followed! One hundred live bull-frogs, emptied upon the floor of a tailor's shop! It was a subject for the pencil of Cruikshanks. Some jumped this way and some that way, some under the bench and some upon it, some into the fireplace and some behind the door. Every nook and corner of the shop was occupied in an instant. Such a spectacle was never seen before. The old man was nearly distracted. He rent his hair, and stamped in a paroxysm of rage. Then seizing a broom, he

made vain endeavours to sweep them out at the door. But they were as contrary as hogs, and when he swept one way, they jumped another. He tried to catch them with his hands, but they were as slippery as eels, and passed through his fingers. It was enough to exhaust the patience of Job. The neighbours, seeing Mr Buckram sweeping frogs out of his shop, gathered around in amazement, to inquire if they were about to be beset with the plagues of Egypt. But Old Buckram was in such a passion that he could not answer a word, and they were afraid to venture within the reach of his broom. It is astonishing what talk the incident made in the village. Not even the far-famed frogs of Windham excited more.

Thus were the golden visions of the frog catcher resolved into thin air. How many speculators have been equally disappointed!

After this affair, Timothy Drew could never endure the sight of a bull-frog. Whether he discovered the joke that had been played upon him, is uncertain. He was unwilling to converse on the subject. His irritability when it was mentioned only provoked inquiry. People were continually vexing him with questions. 'Well, Timmy, how goes the Frog market?' 'How do you sell frogs?' Even the children would call after him, as he passed—'There goes the

frog catcher!' Some mischievous person went so far as to disfigure his sign, so that it read—

SHOES MENDED,
AND FROGS CAUGHT,
BY T. DREW.

In fine, Timmy was kept in a continual fever, and the sound of a frog grew hateful to his ears; so that when they tuned up, he would frequently rush out of his shop, and pelt them with stones. He could not sleep in his bed. Their dismal croak tormented him through the watches of the night. To his distempered fancy, they often repeated his name in their doleful concerts, thus—

Solo. 'Timmy Drew-o-o-o—

Timmy Drew-o-o-o—

Chorus. Boo-o-boo-o—

Boo-o-boo-o.'—

One night he was awakened from a sound sleep, by a tremendous bellowing close under his windows. It seemed as if all the bulls of Bashan were clearing out their throats for a general roar. He listened with amazement, and distinguished the following sounds—

' Boo-o-o-o-o—

Timmy Drew-o-o-o—

I can make a shoe-o-o-o—

As well as you-o-o o—

And better too,-o-o-o—

And better too,-o-o-o-o—

Boo-o-o-o'—

Timmy was certain no common frogs could pipe at this rate. He sprung out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and rushed out of the house. 'I'll teach the rascally boys to come here, and shout in this manner!' said he. But no boys could be seen. It was a clear bright night—all was solitary and still, except a discontented muttering of the sleepless frogs in their uncomfortable bed. Timmy, after throwing a few stones into the bushes, retired, concluding it was all a dream. For a time the stillness continued, when again the terrible concert swelled on the evening breeze for a while, and then gradually sunk away in the distance, thus—

'I can make a shoe-o-o-o—

As well as you-o-o-o—

And better too-o-o-o—

Boo-o-o-o-o—

Bo-o-o—

Bo-o'—

At last their mysterious concerts became very frequent, and the poor shoemaker was nearly deprived of sleep. In vain did he attempt to discover the authors of the annoyance. They could not be found; so that he naturally began to think it was indeed made

by the frogs, and that he was to be haunted in this manner all his remaining days. This melancholy idea became seated on his mind, and made him miserable. 'Ah!' he said to himself, 'that was an unlucky day when I disturbed such a frog's nest for that old rascal of a tailor. But it can't be helped.'

The next time Timmy Drew stopped at the tavern, he found the people in earnest consultation.

'There he comes,' said one, as soon as the shoemaker entered.

'Have you heard the news?' all inquired in a breath.

'No,' said Timmy, with a groan.

'Jo Gawky has seen such a *critter* in the pond! A monstrous great frog, as big as an ox, with eyes as large as a horse's! I never heard of no such thing in my born days!'

'Nor I,' said Sam Greening.

'Nor I,' said Josh Whiting.

'Nor I,' said Tom Bizbee.

'I have heard say of sich a critter in Ohio,' said Eb Crawly. 'Frogs have been seed there, as big as a sucking pig; but not in these ere parts.'

'Mrs Timmins,' said Sam Greening, 'feels quite melancholy about it. She guesses as how it's a sign of some terrible thing that 's going to happen.'

'I was fishing for pickerel,' said Jo Gawky, who, by the by, was a tall spindle-shanked fellow, with a white head, and who stooped in his chest like a crook-

necked squash,—‘I was after pickerel, and had on a frog’s hind leg, for bait. There was a tarnation great pickerel just springing at the line, when out sailed this great he-devil from under the bank. By the living hoky, he was as large as a small sized man! Such a straddle-bug I never seed! I up lines, and cleared out like a white-head!’

Timmy examined the faces of the company, and saw that they all credited the story. He began to feel alarmed.

‘That are must be the *critter* I heard t’other night in the pond,’ said Josh Whiting. ‘I swanny! he roared louder than a bull.’

This extraordinary narrative made a great impression on Timothy Drew. He foresaw something terrible was going to happen. In vain was he questioned touching his knowledge of the monster. He would not say a word.

After this introduction the conversation naturally took a supernatural turn. Every one had some mysterious tale to relate; and thus the evening wore away. Ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins formed prolific themes of discussion. Some told of strange sounds which had been heard in the depths of the forests at midnight—and others of the shapeless monsters which seamen had beheld in the wilderness of the deep. By degrees the company fell off, one by

one, until Timothy Drew found himself alone. He was startled at the discovery, and felt the necessity of departing; yet some invisible power seemed to dissuade him from the step. A presentiment of some coming evil hung like an incubus upon his imagination, and nearly deprived him of strength.

At length he tore himself away. His course lay over a solitary road, darkened by overshadowing trees. A sepulchral stillness pervaded the scene, which was disturbed only by his echoing footsteps. Onward he glided with stealthy paces, not daring to look behind, yet dreading to proceed. At last he reached the summit of a hill, at the foot of which arose his humble dwelling. The boding cry of the frogs was now faintly heard at a distance. He had nearly reached the door of his shop, when a sudden rustle of the leaves by the side of the pond brought his heart into his mouth. At this moment the moon partly emerged from a cloud, and disclosed an object before him that fixed him to the spot. An unearthly monster in the shape of a mammoth bull-frog sat glaring upon him with eyes like burning coals. With a single leap it was by his side, and he felt one of his ancles in its cold rude grasp. Terror gave him strength. With an Herculean effort he disengaged his limb from the monster's clutches, rushed up the hill, and in an instant was gone.

‘By the living hoky!’ said Jo Gawky, slowly rising from the ground, and arranging his dress—
‘who’d have guessed this ere old pumpkin-head, with a candle in it, would have set that are fellow’s stiff knee agoing at that rate! I could n’t see him travel off, for dust.’

It is hardly necessary to add that Varmount never seed no more of

THE FROG CATCHER.



‘I can make a shoe-o-o-o—
As well as you-o-o-o—’

THE SEVEN AGES OF INTEMPERANCE.

A PARODY.

‘ Use me, but do n’t abuse me.’—*Ace of Spades.*

ALL the world’s a bar-room,
And all the men and women merely tipplers:
They have their bottles and their glasses;
And one man in his time takes many quarts,
His drink being seven kinds.—At first the infant,
Taking the cordial in the nurse’s arms;
And then, the whining school-boy with his drop
Or two of porter, just to make him creep
More willingly to school.—And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, o’er his lemonade
Brewed into whiskey-punch.—Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and reeling mad with brandy,
Brutal and beastly, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the fiend Intemperance
E’en in the gallon’s mouth.—And then the justice
In fair round belly, with Madeira lined,

SEVEN AGES OF INTemperance



MUTILATION NOTED
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HOT LOVE IS SOON COLD.

‘Fie! fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!’

Shakspeare.

‘An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.’ *Anon.*

IN the mid-day of passion, young Pleasure was riding,
With Fortune’s bright sun smiling over his head—
The hand of hot love his wild vanity guiding,
To Virtue’s low cottage the libertine led.

‘Sweet maid, see my boy,’ softly whispered young
Pleasure;

‘The urchin is languid with ardor—behold!

Ah! cool in your bosom, the heat of my treasure!’—

But Prudence cried, ‘Maiden, hot love *can be cold!*’

Now Prudence was Virtue’s poor, ancient, weak
mother,

And Pleasure had youthfulness, beauty, and gold;

So Virtue took Love, as her parentless brother,
Though Prudence said, 'Maiden, hot love *will* be
cold!'

Love guiltily slumbered in dreams of delight,
Till Pleasure the truth of satiety told;
Then Novelty lured Love and Pleasure to flight—
Virtue wept, while exclaiming, 'Hot love *is* soon
cold!'

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

SAILORS are called superstitious. Perhaps they are over-credulous in omens ; for they live upon a changeful element, where mutations are often preceded by signs. Solitude in the midst of sublime scenes, inclines all minds to superstition ; it is so easy when surrounded by the wonders of the material world, to add a few gratuitous marvels to the invisible. Hence highlanders, as well as sailors, passing life amid whirlwinds, avalanches, and that creator of strange sights, a mountain mist, believe in ‘more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’

I was, myself, a sailor for eighteen hard years of of life—‘*multum jactatus*,’ tempest-tost, wrecked, and rescued till I abandoned the treacherous element, that has such analogy with hope. When I left the realms of Neptune, it was to make a timid lodgement in the sunny borders of Apollo. In other words, I became a citizen of the Republic of Letters, and have for many winters been the acceptable instructor of the village school. In all that time at sea, I must have

acquired the sailor's readiness to believe what is mysterious, if I have escaped the faith of believing a thing *because* it is impossible. Some faith a man must have in invisible things. It is implanted in him for devotion; though it is at the same time a part of well-directed reason. It, however, becomes superstitious when placed upon what has no existence. Men believe, generally, as others believe around them; the fatigue of thinking, has less attraction than the charm of credulity. Perhaps I might have been a fire-worshipper in Persia, or a hermit in Spain. With all our individual reason, we yet believe, as the warlike corporal argued, 'by platoons.' Hence it requires a mind of no common mould, to be in advance of its age and country.

Yet with all our alacrity to credit wonders, having once seen, we reduce them to the grade of common occurrences, or explain them always so that the fact is separated from the mystery. In my first voyage 'before the mast,' in a sulphurous gale off the Cape of Good Hope, our crew had, as we conceived, a glimpse at the Flying Dutchman; or, at any rate, at the dim and dusky figure of a ship moving directly against the wind, unless there were two currents of air; for we were running before the wind in an opposite direction, eleven knots an hour. Yet, as man is a reasoning animal, we had convinced ourselves,

when the next sun rose upon the waters, that we had seen but a cloud, or had been altogether deluded by fancy. Truly, philosophy as well as revelation teaches, that had one been sent from the dead to warn the brothers of Dives, they would not have believed the messenger.

On another voyage, I beheld a spectre, as plainly as ever I saw myself in a glass, and more distinctly than man ever saw his shadow in the sun. I had been unlucky or unwise; had spent all my gains in Palermo, when I was fain to 'work the passage' home in the responsible office of cook's mate—responsible I call it, for I might have poisoned the whole crew; and as far as bad coffee went, I have something to answer for. There was among the sailors a sort of suppressed belief that the ship was unlucky, if not haunted by the spirit of a Maltese sailor who had been murdered in his hammock by a revengeful Sicilian.

One still night, near Cape de Gat, while the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, the whole democracy of the fore-castle was collected under the bow of the long boat, conversing in rude phrases upon metaphysical things. I related my story of the Flying Dutchman, and others had seen more hideous sights; yet there were sturdy skeptics who would believe no eyes but their own. The captain, who had been listening to us, now spoke and counselled us to speak

lower, if we must talk of spirits ; for that there might be other beings on board than had signed the ship's papers. This remark made us grave, and we soon beheld what made us shrink together like chickens at the shadow of a hawk. A figure with a face pale as marble, raised its head slowly above the bows, between us and the moon, and then as slowly descended. Our crew was, I believe, as brave as any other, and would meet without fear any peril from material agents, that should threaten only limb and life ; but this was a sight that shook the most hardy.

In a few moments, the same 'dusk and awful figure' rose towards the sky, appearing like a man wrapped in a shroud, and standing on the 'incorporeal air.'—A shriek then shot ice through the veins of the listeners. I know not to what I can compare the sound. It expressed rage, pain, and sorrow. The figure then descended, and was seen no more.

For many succeeding nights, one would have thought our sailors the most loving crew that ever hauled a rope. They were inseparable. They went aloft in pairs, and below in squads. They were as exemplary in speech, and there was not an oath uttered, till the next gale of wind.

The captain wore a grim smile that curled up his whiskers, whenever the ghost was mentioned ; but he was not of a temperament to give a soft answer to an

idle question. I, however, made some discoveries without his aid. Ransacking his private cabin for a box of olives, I came upon a plaster bust of a Roman Emperor, Galba I believe, for he was bald, and with a nose to which Wellington's is but a bug. There was a small cord around the neck, and a sheet sewed around it, so that Galba looked, indeed, like a Roman in his toga. There was also another line which had a handful of hairs, such as grew upon the tail of the ship's cat, an especial good mouser, of an iron grey color, weighing sixteen pounds. There were other appearances, that the cat had been tied within the cavity of the bust.

All these circumstances furnished data for an hypothesis concerning the spirit; and I began to reason with myself, as I had done after having seen the Flying Dutchman.

The cat had been missing since the appearance of the ghost, until three nights after, when she came to me in the caboose, where, as it was my watch, I was sleeping over the embers. I crept along to the forecastle, where I jerked the tail of the animal as ungently as I had heart to do. She emitted the same fiend-like shriek that had before curdled our blood, and the sailors ran upon deck like madmen. The captain, however, who alone had seen my manœuvre, threatened me with another kind of cat, if I

should make any disclosure to the crew. I complied with his injunction of secresy, having noted that he was a man of his word in all things, though with rather less alacrity in performing a promise, than in executing a threat.

THE ROMANCE OF BIOGRAPHY.

Two hundred years ago, or more,
One William Blackstone lived on Boston's neck.
'T was neck or nothing then—and all the shore,
From Mattapan to Kennebec,
'Twixt him, the savages, and Salem, were divided.
His dwelling was a cabin, or a cavern—
Tradition says it was a tavern.
Whether this William was the man who made
Four books of law, I know not, and 'tis said,
Historians are undecided ;
Although we have authority, I ween,
To think he was—for he was often seen
Upon the *Bench*,
Or under it ; and nought could quench
His thirst for liquor, or for learning.
If, on this question notions are at war,
'T is certain, that he practised at the *Bar* !
The then-Historical Society
Has settled that moot point with due sobriety.
I may be wrong ; for others say,
He went to sea, in later eras, and was met
Three sheets in the wind, and known to lay
Often in Boston *roads*, with all sails set,

Sheet anchored every night,
In bed, as well as bay ;
But having foundered in a breeze,
That struck his craft when he was near *half seas*
Over, and losing his main-spar,
In most uncivil war,
Or foreign fight,
Piratical, with one Tom Walker—
They found him too much injured in his hull,
To save him ;
And as the doctor said, he sailed too dull,
They keeled him up, and gave him to a caulker,
(The sexton of the church) to *grave* him !

A COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS.

BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

‘They random *drawings* from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make.’ *Pope.*

NEESTARE HEADEATER,

I SHALL read in one Newspapier—spose one year dat will be before dis one, dat is now—de relation from one Emigre what say, it shall find much difficulter of know so many significations, dat de word Box was make—I den talk dis to myself,—he is a *jeu d’esprit*. He was choke me, and is all in my eye; but I shall find him now one fact! Mais attendez!—I was to you tell him; as de English proverbe say, ‘*What is goods for a-gues, shall be goods for de glanders.*’ I was get many much more proverbe by my heart, for I shall make better understand myself to all de oder Americaine peepel. When I shall come once before de second time, to dis countree, de word DRAW shall bothare me too much; for de proverbe say, ‘*Too much of nothing is good for everyting.*’

One morning, my friend say, 'I go for sale dis day, you shall go wis me?' I say, 'Wis plaisir;' so I tink he was go, for make buy sometin; mais—he shall mean a sail in one boat. Den we shall meet one ver drunk man, in liqueur. My friend say, 'He is ver *fresh*.' When we shall go on watere, he say, 'De wind is ver *fresh*.' We eat of de fish, and den he say, 'Dey are ver *fresh*!' den I am astonish to my friend, and tink how I shall '*hit de right nail upon his head*.'

We have sail ver pleasant. He look up, and say, 'Ah ha! de sail *draw* ver well.' I tink myself to remember dat 'draw' de next time I was hear him; because I no like for say, I shall not understand what it was mean; so I say, '*One odd, is as good as one wink from a blind horse*.' 'Den we shall went on a shore,' my friend say, 'to see de disherman *draw* de seine.' It shall make me much surprise, to hear him said; because de Siene was in Paris; so I shakes my head, for make him tink, I was believe dere shall be noting in it. He was not smile—but he say, 'Ah ha! you shall 'spose I was *draw* de long bow?' I tink of myself to see him play ver well on de top of de violin, and I am glad for know what is dat *draw*—so I say, 'I nevere shall see one person dat draw de long bow so ver much.' Den he was littel enrage, and I find as de proverbe shall say, dat I was '*out of a flying pan, into a fryer*.'

I say I was not mean.—He say ‘I shall be satisfaction it was not insult me ; but from your manner, I was led to *draw* de inference.’ When we shall come backward from de sail, I was saw two men in de Broad Street, fighting. I nevere was find two men dat put so much punch in de odares estomac. My friend cry, ‘Dat is right, littel one, *draw* his claret for him, and den he shall *draw* in his horns.’ I look round—I see no bottel—I see no horn—and I tink de peepel are ‘*as mad as one marching hair*.’ When dey was finis, I want know who de victor shall be. My friend say, ‘It is a *draw* battel ; dey are so much fight, dey can hardly *draw* their breath.’ Den I laugh, so I shall be ready to split all my sides, when I tink how much was de same *draw*, dat shall be more different always. My friend was ver much delightful for see dat fight, but to me, it shall be dreadfool ; so as de provarbe say, ‘*What is some meat for one man, is somebody else poisson*.’

Den my friend take me for see some furniture. I ask him what he was buy. He say, ‘A chest of *drawers*.’ We will come to de Bridge, but dey put one stop to us—I ask for why—my friend say, ‘De *draw* is up. As I have some engagement at two of de clock, and time *draws* near, you come take some tea with my wife, and we shall go for de Theatre to night.’—Den he was call to a coachman, and say to it, ‘You must *draw*

up closer.' I tink I was never see to de finish of de *draws* ; but de provarbe say, '*He is long lain dat was never turn himself.*'

When it shall be after de day time, and before de night, I make enquire for my friend his wife. Dey tell me, I was see her in de *drawing* room. I go—I see no color—no pencil of artiste ! She tell me my friend was sure, he shall catch a cold at de water. I was see him catch noting but fish. After I shall take one cup tea, she say, 'I was take anoder, when de tea shall *draw*—so as de provarbe was be, '*dere is many sleep between de cup and his lip.*' To laugh I was a great inclination ; but I tink, '*De least dat is said, shall be mended directly.*'

I go for saw my sick friend, to one pear of stairs. His sheek was swell more large I ever shall see, wis de ake of his tooth. He say, 'I have do much tings for *draw* de cold out, but I was have to-morrow de Dentiste for *draw* my tooth ; I have been obliged to myself for put blistare behind my ear.' Den she say, 'De blistare *draw* nicely.' Everyting was *draw* ; as de provarbe say, '*It never pains but it roars.*' She was read to de lottery, and say, 'I must buy one ticket, den I *draw* a prize, my dear.' He say, 'No, my angel.' She say, 'I ought to have one, Sare.' He say, 'You must not, Madame.' She say, 'I will, you brute !' He say, 'You sha n't, you vixen,' so, as de provarbe say, I see dat '*de grey mayor shall be de bitter horse.*'

I am glad for go—so I take my watch, come down stair, and say, ‘I am sorry, but, I tink for go to the theatre—and I “*must take time by his firelock.*”’ She laugh; and I make to myself one opinion, dat she was ‘*cast a ship’s eye at me*;’ so before I was went, I see de chest of *drawers* my friend was buy—so I tink to say someting of de *draw* myself—and pay over to her one compliment. So I say, ‘Madame, I shall find much plaisir to see de *drawers* of your chest,’ den I find I was ‘*put one cart be four horses*,’ and I clear myself out in noting of time.

At de theatre, I see one gentleman what I shall know; and he say, ‘Dis is a very bad house.’ He was make me to astonish, because it was tell to me, what it shall be to make one bad house. Den he say, ‘De play does not *draw*.—In little time de curtain will *draw* up.—We shall see a dance when de scene *draws*.—Now de play *draws* to one end, and we will *withdraw*!’ Because he was know what all dem *draws* shall mean, he s’pose I was know all-so. I tink as de provarbe, ‘*he measures oder peepel’s corns by de bushel.*’

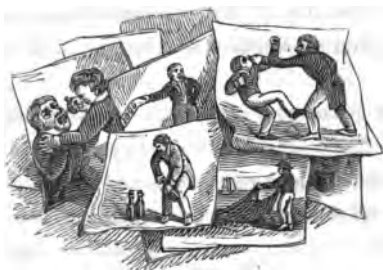
It shall not be ver soon, when de playhouse was go out; so as I come to de hotel, where I shall take my boards and lodgings, de door was lock! and so I was ver much put out, because I tink, I ‘*may go with my father and fare worse.*’ Den I was go a small tavern—

a little house—in de street, where dey shall not go to bed so quick. I ask dem for some sup; dey give me littel bit of bread and sheese—I say I was hope I shall be put to bed agreeable—dey put me in garret! and all de night twenty-eleven rats shall run 'bout, as if to play at a blindman's buff.

When de morning shall come to me, everybody see I was blow up very much to de landlord, and I say, 'I pay you, and take de leaves of your house, in one minuet.' He say, 'Ver well. I shall *draw* your bill out.' I den tink of de provarbe, '*Short reckonings make friends ver long.*' I look my bill—he was five dollare! He tink I was not up to his snuff. I say he was one imposition. 'You sharge me five dollare for dat bread, and sheese, and garret, and rats, ha?' He say, 'Yes, and dey was sheep enough too. It shall not be my fault dat sometin *draws* dem rascal rats to my garret. I shall give ten dollare for nevare have dem come to my house.'

I was not in hurry for pay de five dollare—so I say to him, 'I know sometin what shall make dem not come nevare to your house.'—He say, 'If you shall tell him for me, I no sharge you five dollare, and give you five dollare to boots, dat shall be ten dollare for you—ha?' I tell him 'Yes,' but I tink wid de provarbe—'*He was shoot wis a piejohn and kill a crow-bar.*' Den I take de five dollare, and say, 'Sare, you first will

take one little bit bread and sheese ; ver well, put dem in your garret!—ver well—de rat shall come for eat dem! ver well—you say to dem rat, “I sharge five dollare for dat bread and sheese.” I be dam if ever you see dem again!’ So I learn ver well what it is to *draw* him in, and I say wid de proverbe, ‘*It is a sick wind, dat nobody blows good.*’



THE TALE OF A DOG.

WRITTEN UPON THE SPOT, BY AN ABECEDARIAN PROFESSOR OF AN INFANT SCHOOL.

Come all you tender maidens dear,
Attend unto my ditty ;
If ever you did shed one tear,
You'll now drop two for pity.

A dog there was, once on a time,
And *Spot* was called his name ;
The *heads* I've put in *dog*-rell rhyme,
The *tale* is much the same—

Nor like a lawyer do I ask,
For this a high or low fee ;
The tale's end is—O mournful task.
This poor *dog's cat-a-stro-phe*.

He troubled no one, and therefore,
This dog was not a *harrier* ;
And as he ran from door to door,
He could not be a *tarrier*.

'T is said, this pretty little pet,
Whenever he got flog-ged,
Would growl so sullenly, you 'd bet—
He certainly *was dog-ged*.

He often had a bone to pick,
With many a canine brother ;
And to this *dog-ma* he would stick,
That he 'd a *slutish* mother.

Poor Spot began to feel a diz-
Ziness—that made him quiver ;
Some said it was the rheumatiz,
And some, the *spotted fever*.

Some recommended *hoar-hound* tea,
Some hanging in the park ;
He was already up a *tree*,
And so he took to *bark* !

They did not fill his belly full—
It was a *blunder* foul ;
And when he met with such a *bull*,
He 'd give an *Irish howl*.

He used to catch, and what dog can't—
Rabbits and rats, we 're told,

Until he went down to Nahant,
And there he caught—a *cold*.

The *dog-days* came ; he could not eat,
His bones lay all untidy ;
Roast, boiled, stewed, fried, was untouched meat ;
'T was over—*bone-a fide*.

And Phillis—his sad parent slut—
Saw him return to marl ;
His thread of life was not quite *cut*,
Though it was in a *snarl* !

And 'he who runs may read,' 't is said—
Alas ! Spot could not look
Into a Primer, but he made,
Sad *dog's ears* in the book.

His life had been a long *leap-year*,
While other puppies sleep ;
Though once the ladies held him *dear*,
They think him now *dog-cheap*.

Lord Byron called, and wrote, and thought,
His dog his dearest friend—
Which, *cur-tailed* of its life, was brought
Unto its latter end.

Like 'Much Ado about Nothing,'
This tale you'll say is very,
And as it *Verges* off, I'll bring,
Its ending with *Dog-berry*!



MUSIC.

BY AN IRRITABLE MAN.

‘Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast ;’
So sang the sweetest bard that ever sung :
But had the poet suffered as I suffer,
He would have kept his notion to himself.

First, here’s my room-mate dinning in mine ear
A tone of *treble* torment : I have heard
The gaunt wolf bay the moon, the screech-owl scream,
And the wild Winnebago’s hoarse war-whoop ;—
My room-mate beats them all.

Here comes a gang
Of sheepskin drubbers, murderers of quiet
And of acoustics, in attendance on
That most forlorn of hopes, a company
Of volunteers, in nice new coats. The band
Make *shakes* and *quavers*, and so do the ranks ;
Their feet and fifes have bid farewell to *cadence* ;
All much require a *rest* : *Presto* !—begone !
Accursed caitiffs ! *Troppo* ! ’t is too much.
‘Oys, any oys !’ ‘Here’s fine fresh cod and haddock !’
‘Eels ! Eels ! Eels ! Eels !’ ‘Lob ! lob ! buy any lob ?’

Good oysterman, pray shut your oyster shell ;
 You rascal with a handcart full of cods,
 Carry your cod's head to some other market ;
 O slippery vender of a slippery fish !
 Slip off, I beg, and master Lob, begone.

Confusion—lo ! my neighbours opposite,
 The deacon and his wife and daughters twain,
 Begin to tune their nostrils to a song
 Of Zion, in a *dolorose* strain.

His *base* is base indeed ; his spouse's *tenor*
 Is evil, and the daughters both sing *counter*
 To all my piety and good intentions.

Would that they were in Paradise indeed,
 So I were rid of them ! Sweet, conven-tickle—
 Choristers, pray *pause*, I call for quarter !

Hark ! two piano's going ! Fairest maids,
 Forbear to thump and show your ivory.
 Your *voluntaries* are forced volunteers ;
 Tragic indeed are your *burlettas* ; all
 Your *canons* hurt my head like cannon shot ;
 And your *sonatas* make me grind my teeth
 With utter anguish !

Well, what next, ye Gods !
 Is there no rest, no peace, no sleep, no pity,
 No beagle of the law to nose this nuisance ?
 Must I forever be debarred of thought
 By this infernal pounding overhead,

Made by my fellow-boarder Amorosa?—
She is a virgin that will never more
Look to the future for her fortieth birthday ;
All hope from man is lost to her : the joys
Of sanctity, the old maid's sure resource,
Attract not her attention ; she has paid
Her teacher six months' wages in advance,
And is resolved to have her money's worth,
Though she has neither hand, nor taste, nor ear,
Nor heart—but only in its stead a gizzard!

Come, let us mount the stairs and look upon her—
See how she wriggles, simpers, tries to blush
As we approach, and thumps a tune as though
Such airs would give her back the bloom of youth,
And bring us captives to her music-stool !
The *crotchet* in her brain is now transfused
Into her fingers—Zounds, I shall go mad !
Hark ! now she tries to sing ! her voice strikes up,
Her fingers down ! O I have heard a door
Creak on its hinges, and an injured swine
Squeak with its throat cut : I have known a crow
Croak of misfortune for an hour together :
I have heard infants squall for pap ; but never
Heard I such discord as the tongue and knuckles
Of Amorosa and her friends, inflict !
Their *solos* grate upon my very soul ;
Their *recitatives* sound like recitations

Which did so irk me when I was a schoolboy !
Their *marcias* make me march out doors quick step ;
Their *scores* are scored upon my brain-pan deep ;
Their graceless *graciosos* make me feel
My utter want of grace—the Devil take them !—
But no, he will not, for the fiend would fear
To have such tongues about his brimstone throne.

One more annoyance ! Lo ! before the door
A foreign vagrant, with his hurdy-gurdy
And wife, who sings like to an amorous cat
Squalling upon a housetop. Biddy, run
And bathe the wretches—need I say with what ?
Quick, ope the window—Ah ! you are too late !
He sees his danger and grinds farther off !

I have mislaid my knife, and have no drug—
Bring me a rope and I will hang myself—
No matter what, a clothes-line, or a bed-cord,
Or any cord so it be not a *dis*-cord !
I will be rid, I care not at what cost,
Of fashionable music.

ON TAILORS.

‘Coat!’ said Russelton, with an appearance of the most *naïve* surprise, and taking hold of the collar suspiciously, by the finger and thumb, ‘coat, Sir Willoughby! do you call *this thing a coat?*’

PELHAM.

A MUCH abused person is your tailor. He is ordinarily supposed to need less endowment than his fellows—(the ninth part of a man, I think they call him)—I shall prove to you, that he needs more. Poetry is a lesser art in my esteem.

Any man or woman may stitch—make a ‘cover-me-decently.’ The world goes clothed—town and country—though, (bear us witness, Pelham!) there are but three tailors, (proper tailors, I say,) from Bath to Savannah. For the rest, their daily work is a profanity of broadcloth—a sacrilege of kerseymere. Your eyes are shocked perpetually by the sight of unfortunate strangers who have fallen into the hands of those Vandals. There should be a law against the seductions practised by them—their signs and their advertisements. Merit is modest, and your best artist has often the smallest shop. Your pretender covers a

square with his blazing insignia—yet would I as soon wear an Indian's blanket as one of his abortions.

To cut a coat well, requires more gifts than is possessed by one man in a thousand. The main points are, a painter's eye, an anatomist's acquaintance with the figure, and knowledge of the character, as it is developed in walking or sitting, wearing the coat open, (or frankly), buttoned (or nicely). How, for instance, would your old bachelor's coat look on your ship's mate—your reckless dam-me frock, thrown off the shoulders and flying to the wind, on your demure deacon? No true tailor makes a man a coat till he has seen him walk. The way you move is everything. If you have a crab's gait, sideways, the hitch must be counteracted. If you are a meek man, and carry your head low, the collar must be set back to remedy the defect. If your passions are violent, a tight sleeve or a close fit at the shoulder is impolitic. If your neck is too long or too short, if your body is crooked or your bust flat, or if you are a vain man and swell at the lower button, it must be allowed for in your coat. It is the tailor's business to make you perfect—or seem so,—which is quite the same thing.

A friend of mine is so unfortunate as to have two or three coats on hand. It excruciates me to see him come into the room—flat breasted, flap-dividing,

pinched collared, scrimped, pasteboard looking abominations! He cannot move a limb without having the whole coat follow in a piece. Touch his collar and his skirt flies up. The moment it is unbuttoned, down hugs the cape to his neck, and out flies the back at the waist, the whole gets at sharp angles to his figure, and presents him to your eye like a caricature of a man frightened. Save us from such spectacles, benevolent Jove!

Your vile tailor does everything by padding. He slips you into a casement of buckram as unaccommodating as a coffin, and, with the second button fastened, shoves you up to his glass, and while you stand perfectly still, because you are unable to move, praises the smoothness of the fit! And then the pantaloons! We were seduced once to commit ourself to the care of a charlatan. The first pair we could not sit down in, if we were to be hanged. The second pair would have fitted Chrononhotonthologos, if his seat of honor had been as ample as his name. We would not trust such a fellow to make a cover for an umbrella.

Next to the human form divine, the most beautiful thing in nature is a perfect coat. It is like a perfect style—it looks as if it was the easiest thing in the world. The collar lays loose and yet neatly to the shoulders. The back, buttoned or unbuttoned, fits

neatly and under all motions to the figure. The skirts hang gracefully and independently of the back, parallel and slender. The sleeves work fitly with the arm, and the breasts lay flat and yet ample on the chest, and the wearer has that look in it, that a spectator would suppose it grew to him, that it was a part and evidence of his fair proportions and the skill of the artist. There are a few artists who have acquired immortality in the cut of pantaloons ; but a man must grow grey in practice, before he acquires even the theoretical principles of that article.

You shall go through the cities, and look at the popular tailors, and if there is one who can cut but a fragment of a coat well, who has not a fine head phrenologically, we are forsworn. The heads of your quack tailors are as flat behind as the white sides of a melon. They are all face—all animal. You would see they were simpletons at once. Your talented artist, on the contrary, has the head of a scholar—a fine lift behind, a good eye, broad forehead, and strong mouth. He looks like a mathematician—large over the eye, high cheek bones, and prominent organs. You may search the world over and we will warrant the result. Our life on it, Stultz and Watson had heads for senators. They would never have sacrificed their discrimina-

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tive taste, and fine poetic feeling, by taking such miserable measures, as are exhibited in the following cut.



A TALE OF LOVE.

I've been in love some twenty times,
With more than twenty people ;
From ladies, like a washing tub,
To ladies, like a steeple.
And some of them were lily white,
With cheeks as red as roses ;
And some of them had ruby lips,—
And some had ruby noses.

There was a tough old gentleman,
Who dealt in bricks and mortar ;
And by some odd coincidence,
He had a pretty daughter :
Her outside walls were very neat,
Her voice was very winning,
She had a pair of little feet
To serve for underpinning.

I met her in the house one day ;
And, in the lover's fashion,
I threw myself upon my knees,
And told my tale of passion.
She burst into a flood of tears,
And said that she was thinking,

As how she loved their 'prentice boy,
But he had took to drinking !

The next, she was a blacksmith's girl ;
Her hair, it was like charcoal ;
Her eyes, they sparkled out like red-
Hot iron from a dark-hole.
My heart, it beat a ten pound ten,
Whenever I came nigh her ;
And Cupid's bellows blew me up,
Till I was all on fire.

At last, I ventured to declare
The hopes I long had cherished ;
How often when I thought she frowned
My very soul had perished ;
And begged her for one gentle breath
To wake the dying cinder—
She took me by the neck and heels,
And flung me out of *winder*.

The next, she was a blue-eyed miss ;
A pie-compounder's daughter ;
She set my feelings in a stir,
Like carbonated water.
My wretched heart she cut it up,
Into a thousand slices ;
For she was sweeter than her cake,
But colder than her ices.

The next, she was a sexton's girl—

A maid of whims and fancies:

For while he dug the neighbours' graves,

She delved on old romances.

She measured me against the wall;

Said she, 'He might be smaller;

But then the tailor down the lane,

Is full two inches taller.'

And I have had a dozen more,

But I have left them all now ;

I use my card case for my quids,

And never make a call now.

I do not turn my collar down,

To make myself look thinner ;

And as for love, my tender thoughts

Are wasted on my dinner.



CONVENT SCENES.

BY A SPANIARD.

I WAS, for four years of my nonage, a student in the convent of the Escorial at the college there. There were about one hundred and fifty boys that a stranger would suppose were princes, for they were called after the names of their towns; as, Toledo, Alcala, Granada, and Cordova. I was called Madrid, No. 7, for there were several from the capital. Our tutors were, of course, ecclesiastics, and of course, also, they were fat. One of them, who had but a single eye, we named Domine Fuerto, and we studied to annoy him more diligently than we ever pursued the humanities. Since those idle days, that look so pleasant in the retrospect, I have had graver things to do and suffer, and I cannot now remember a tythe of the tricks it was our delight to play upon the Domine. He had the irritability that gives such zest to a practical joke! and, to tell the truth, we kept him in a continual ferment.

Sometimes we would steal into his room, and sprinkle his couch with finely powdered salt. Its action upon the skin was fatal to sleep; and a sleepless night was sure to bring in a passionate morning.

He was a squire of dames, and wore a red wig, to conceal the defect that so mortified the first bald Cæsar. This wig excited us to constant vigilance, and honored among us was the boy that could contrive to have a pluck at it. We limed the top of his chair, so that when he rose, his wig and his head would part company. We trained a magpie to pounce upon a red wig on a stuffed image; and at last let him slip upon the Domine's, which he carried off like Sadi's turban. This learned ecclesiastic was proud of his deficiencies, for he had the vanity to believe that he had a good person, though he looked like a turnspit on its hinder legs. Yet under all these disadvantages, he boldly attempted the graces, and at his entrance and exit, would treat us to a superb bow. On one occasion, when some strangers were present, we executed another stratagem against that eternal wig. A packthread with a hook, was skilfully let down through a small hole in the ceiling, and while he was in the act of bowing, it caught up his wig to the roof, where it flamed like a meteor in the sky.

At another time, when Domine Puerto was to appear in the chapel before some ladies of Madrid, we sewed in his cassock several of the little bells, that are worn by mules. When he addressed the assembly, every gesture jingled the bells, and his flutter of

alarm was communicated to the music. He became a picture of consternation, and believed that his cloak was haunted. But the audience were well pleased, either with the bells, or the discourse.

This was an offence too great for mercy ; and, in fact, we always relied more upon escaping detection, than the chance of pardon afterwards. In the evening, he took his round, with a *flagellum*, an instrument of five strings, that made mournful music. But while he was flogging in the upper stories, there was mischief brewing on the great staircase. He should have begun at the bottom, (I intend no pun), but he was so little of a general, that he left enemies in the rear. When he descended, the stairs had been prepared to aid, or at least to accelerate him. The edge of every step had been smeared with honey and overlaid with oiled peas. These acted as rollers, and his first step was his last—he made but one from top to bottom. The shock was tremendous ; and it is said that the convent bell sounded as it did in the great earthquake. He had still another defile to pass, which he attempted, as we had predicted, in the manner that boys in winter slide down a hill ; or as Bonaparte descended the Alps. This posture of affairs, (to use a diplomatic phrase), was favorable to our second stratagem ; for he run his left leg into a noose, at which thirteen boys were stationed, to give

him a haul. He bellowed like a wild beast, and we were forced to disperse, after a few jerks given with good will, but otherwise received.

He would sometimes torture one of us, to make him testify against his comrade. He had a regular punishment for fidelity ; and would scourge a timid boy with nettles, to move him to the treachery of betraying his mates. Once, however, and I record it with pleasure, he exhibited a spark of magnanimity. On his saint's day, the father of a pupil had sent him a huge venison pastry. He was absent when the pastry arrived, but we received the plate from the carrier, saying that we would take it to the Domine's room. The contents feasted twentyfive of us. We broke the plate and carried the fragments in our pockets to throw into the convent well. In a few days the donor sent for his dish, and this led to the detection of the whole popish plot. A nosegay was forthwith gathered, composed chiefly of nettles, and old Dyonisius called forth the most puny boy in the class. But the whole twentyfour assumed the responsibility by acclamation, and the Domine forgave them.

Such were our pastimes at the Escorial, where I passed four unprofitable years. When I was of the age of twentyone, the government distinguished me with peculiar honors, by sending me to the Carmelite Convent, at Manzanares in La Mancha, twentyeight leagues from Madrid.

As I was supposed to hold opinions heterodox in religion, and liberal in politics, my penance was to confess as often as I had the grace, and to say daily twentyfour *Credos*, fifty *Pater nosters*, and one hundred and fifty *Ave Marias*. The two last compose a complete rosary.

I was never before in company less strict even in preserving appearances. The sub-prior, in his private opinions, was a sheer atheist. Hypocrisy, of course, was a part of his moral qualities; and here it had the excuse of self-defence.

The piece contained three dozen friars, of whom only one was lean. The thirtyfive were as round and cheerful as good fare and vacant minds could make them. The cook was a great artist, and his office was no sinecure. The convent had few possessions; but the friars were in such favor round the country, that there was enough of the best in the larder. A stranger would surmise as much, from a glimpse at the brotherhood. Two lay brothers, however, were commissioned as standing beggars, to raise supplies, lest the charity of the peasants should slumber. The friars themselves never beg. They say it is indecorous; but they mean, laborious. The foragers, however, bring in the best wines of La Mancha, and the Valdepeñas.

The monks were adepts in billiards and nine-pins,

would play at cards till the bell rung for matins, and then, after a hurried service, return to the game. The readiness with which I fell in with this course of life, and my discreet silence concerning some singular sights, ensured me a good report from the superior to the high authorities that had sent me to the convent. I came out, verifying, I fear, the Spanish proverb, that if a rogue and hermit live together, the rogue will turn hermit, if the hermit do not turn rogue.

MIKE WILD.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH END.

MIKE WILD was a substantial grocer, and flourished in the good old days of Boston. He has, for many years, been peacefully gathered to his fathers; as a small grey tablet, very much defaced by the hand of time and the idle school-boy, will testify. This memorial of Mr Wild's mortality may be seen by the curious antiquary, in the Old Granary church-yard, bearing a pithy inscription, which denotes the years and days of Mike's mortal career, and is disfigured by the customary cherub and seraph, of church-yard sculpture.

Mike was known to be a hard man, miserly and pe-nurious; but it was never clearly proved that he was dishonest. If his crafty and calculating spirit could discriminate nicely between a sure and a doubtful speculation, it could determine with equal accuracy how far to overreach his neighbour, and yet escape the hazard of becoming obnoxious to the charge of fraud. But he valued himself most upon his shrewdness and caution, professing to hold in utter con-

tempt the folly of credulity; and when he read, or heard of any imposition practised upon his neighbours, he used to say, 'Folks must be up betimes to chouce Mike Wild.'

One stormy evening, about the close of the autumn of 1776, Mike was enjoying his customary household comforts, his can and pipe, in the little back parlour of his dwelling, number —, North End; being the house next to that then occupied by Mr Peter Rug, famous in story. The night was dark without as the 'throat of the black wolf,' and as turbulent as that animal, when a long snow-storm upon the hills has driven him mad with famine.

This obscure chamber was the theatre of his earthly felicity. It was here that he counted over his accumulating gains, with every returning night; indulged in the precious remembrance of past success, and rioted in the golden visions of future prosperity. Therefore with this room were associated all the pleasing recollections of his life.

It was the only green spot in his memory—the refreshing *oasis* in the barren desert of his affections. It was there alone that the solitary gleam of consolation touched and melted the ice of his soul. It was natural, then, considering his selfish nature, that he should keep it sacred and inviolate. The foot of wife or child was never permitted to invade this *sanctum*.

Such approach on their part would have been deemed high treason, and punished as such without 'benefit of clergy.' Such intrusion by a neighbour would have been esteemed a declaration of hostilities, and would have been warmly repelled. It were indeed safer to have bearded 'the lion in his den,' or the puissant Douglas in his hall; for Mike possessed all those physical virtues, which can keep the head from harm, if the absence of better qualities at any time provoke assault.

The besom of the thrifty housewife never disturbed the venerable dust and cobwebs that supplied its only tapestry. From generation to generation, the spider had reigned unmolested in the corners and crevices of the wall; and so long had the territory been held and transmitted from sire to son, that if a title by custom and prescription, could ever avail against the practical argument of the broom, there was little fear of a process of ejectment.

As the old lamp at the gate creaked distmally, and the crazy shutters of his chamber rattled still more noisily in the wind, the mercury of Mike's spirits rose higher; a physical phenomenon not easily explained. Perhaps, as the elemental war grew sharper, his own nature grew more benign, in the consciousness that a secure shelter was interposed between his own head and the elements.

The last drops of the good liquor had disappeared from Mike's silver tankard; the last wavering wreath of smoke had dissolved in the air, and the dull embers of his hearth were fast dying away in the white ashes, when Mike, upon raising his eyes suddenly, was much startled to observe that he had company in his solitude. He rubbed his eyes, and shook himself, to ascertain his personal identity; but still the large strong figure of a man was seated in the old leather chair directly opposite to him. Whence he came, by what means he had entered, what were his purposes, were mysteries too deep for Mike's faculties at that time to fathom. There he sat, however, motionless as a statue, with his arms folded, and a pair of large, lustrous black eyes fastened full upon him. There was a complete fascination in that glance, which sent a thrill through his whole frame, and held him as with an iron chain to his chair.

Mike, like a good general, soon rallied his routed faculties, reanimated his fugitive thoughts, and resolved, though possessing a faint heart, to show a bold front; a cheat often successfully practised by better tacticians. He thereupon plucked up heroism and soon ascertained that his visiter was of very affable and benignant bearing.

He communicated his business briefly, in which virtue of brevity we shall condescend to be an imita-

tor. He revealed that he was indeed of unearthly nature, a disembodied spirit; and that during his earthly sojourn he had secreted a most precious treasure, which had been unlawfully acquired, under the old elm tree in the centre of the Common. He could not rest quietly in his grave, till he had imparted the secret to some human being; and as Mike was a man after his own heart, he had selected him as the object of his bounty. Mike thanked him sincerely for the compliment and kindness, and promised to go forth without delay in search of the treasure. He sallied forth, with his 'spiritual guide,' his mind intoxicated with the thought of the heavy ingots and bars of gold, and the rich foreign coin, which he believed would be shortly his own. The night was black and rainy; the scattered sleet swept furiously along the streets, pursued by the screaming wind; but the wrath of the elements was disarmed by the glorious vision of riches and honors that possessed him.

They arrived at length, after much wading and tribulation, at the old elm, now the 'trysting place' of young people, on the days of Election festivity. In those days, it was sometimes used as a gallows, for want of a better; and it is said, at this very day, that, on dark and tempestuous nights, the ghosts of those who perished on its branches are seen swiaing, and heard creaking in the wind, still struggling in the

last throe and torment of dissolution, in expiation of crimes committed long ago.

When Mike paused at the roots of the old tree, he requested his guide to designate the particular spot that contained the treasure; but receiving no response to this very natural inquiry, he looked round and saw that his genius had vanished—‘into the air,’ probably, like Macbeth’s witches. He was not to be disheartened or daunted, however; so he resolutely commenced delving with the zeal of an ardent money digger. He turned up many a good rood of soil, without meeting the precious ore, when his fears got the better of his discretion, and his fancy busily peopled the obscure tops and limbs of the old tree with all manner of grotesque shapes and gibbering monsters; and he fancied that the evil spirits of departed malefactors were celebrating their festival orgies, and making merry with their infernal dances around him.

His fear had increased to agony. The spade dropped from his powerless hand, his hair bristled with terror, and his great eyes nearly leaped from his head, in his endeavour to penetrate the gloom that surrounded him. Once more his mysterious guide stood before him; but one glance at his awfully altered face, completed the climax of his fright. Those large, black, lustrous eyes now kindled like two balls

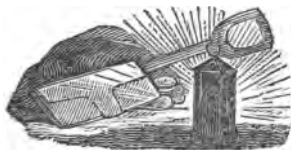
of flame ; and as their fiendish lustre glared upon him, he shrunk back, as from a scorching flame. A nose, enormous, and rubicund as the carbuncle of the East, protruded 'many a rood' from the face of his evil spirit ; and immense whiskers, rough and shaggy as the lion's mane, flowed around his visage. The gold-monster continued to frown upon him fearfully, till at length the bewildered senses of Mike could look no longer, and he fell to the earth utterly senseless.

When Mike awoke, the morning sun was looking cheerfully into his own chamber window, and the birds that make merry in every bright summer morning, were singing gaily on the house-eaves above his head. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and was in doubt whether he had not lost his senses, or whether the visiter, the money, the walk at midnight, and the horrible goblin, were not all but the mere creations of a dream.

While lost in these doubts and difficulties, a neighbour opportunely stepped in, to whom he related the whole scene, adding at the same time suitable embellishments to the appearance of the fiend-like apparition, which had haunted him.

His friend heard him patiently for a time expatiate on the miraculous adventure, but at length could preserve his gravity no longer, and burst forth into loud ha ! ha ! ha's ! When he had recovered sufficient

breath to articulate, he confessed to the electrified Mike that his visiter was no other than himself, and that he had practised the hoax, in order to decide a wager with mine host of the Boar's Head, who had bet a dozen of his choicest binn, that no one could get the better of shrewd Mike Wild of the North End.



THE SONG OF THE SLEIGHER.

HURRA! hurra!! hurra!!!

Jump in! jump into the sleigh!

For the moon is up in the midnight skies,
On the glistening snow her lustre lies,
Through the willow the north wind scarcely sighs,
Away! away! away!

Hurra! hurra!! hurra!!!

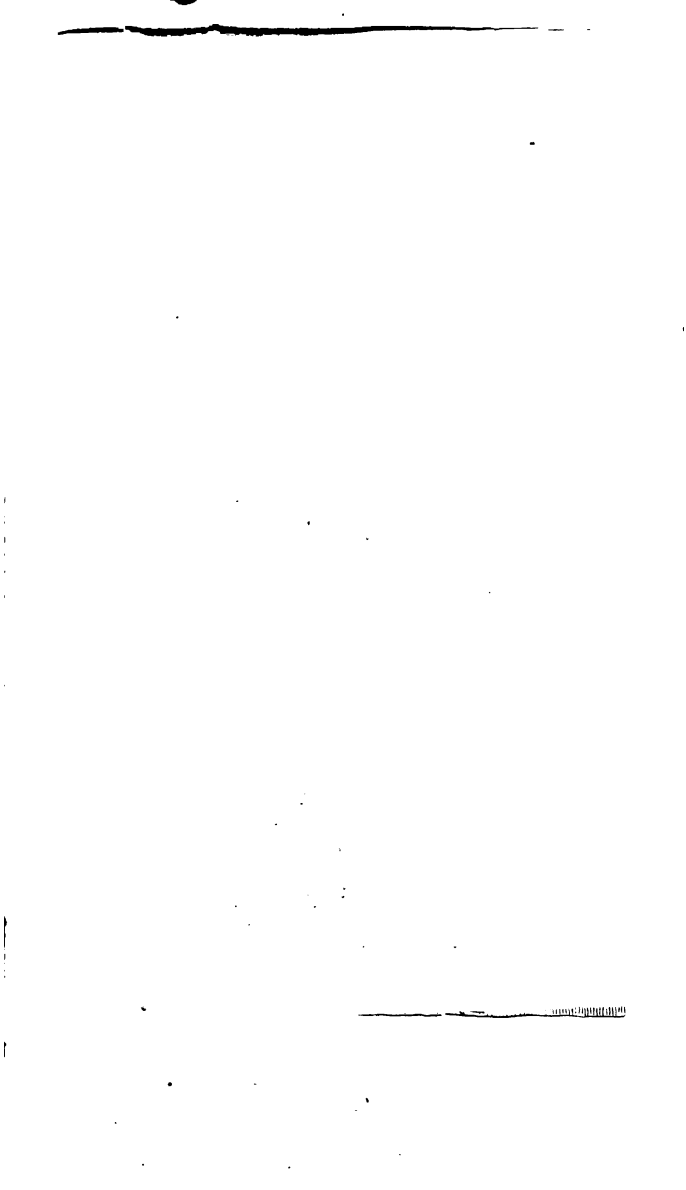
My boys, we're losing time—

The whip is cracked, and the word is, 'Go!'
And fleet as the foot of the frightened doe
Our horses' hoofs fly over the snow,
To the sleigh-bells' merry chime!

Hurra! hurra!! hurra!!!

Put the coursers to their speed!

The laugh, the jest, our spirits cheer,
As we cut the drift in our swift career,
While lips are whispering in Love's ear
Confession of its creed.



Confession of its creed.



SLEIGH RIDE

Hurra! hurra!! hurra!!!

A race, my boys—a race!

We tickle the leaders under the flank!

Abreast, for miles, along we spank!

Then comes a crash, a cry!—on a bank,

We're upset in the chase!

Hurra! hurra!! hurra!!!

What's become of the master Grays?

Where's Eliphalet Smith and Theophilus Jones?

Aunt Debby's gone after the Miss Malones;

But Dandy Freddy has broken his bones—

The bones of his patent stays!

Hurra! hurra!! hurra!!!

Again we streak it along!

To the welcome inn our steeds advance,

And then the flip—the feast—the dance—

Till home we go by the morning's glance

So ends the sleigher's song!

THE LAST LEAP.

BY SAM PATCH.

' You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.' *Shakespeare.*

* 'THERE 's no mistake about Sam Patch: ' my ham-bishun is cleer fur goin the whull Hog; so, afore i ventur on my next jumpin feet twomorer, down the Ginisee Falls—as ef i go down, i moughtn't kim ape agin—i am a goin fur to rite down a foo purticklers, ef i go to the bottom, fur the egg-sample uv posteriority.

Folks mought jist as well think o' dammin up Nyaggerer with saw dust, or bailin' out lake Onteari-owe with a flour siv, as think o' stoppin the natral course o' natur; and natur ment i shood be a Jumper, and arter reedin this ear ritin, i guess the folks wunt ax Y.

The famullee uv the Patches are about as old as Josefs cote uv menny cullers; and by jumpin down as often as i hav, i hav pruv'd myself a ginuwine de-

* This letter has been copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from the original MS. In extenuation of orthographical errors, it may be added, that the force of precedent is powerful. Byron, for the word *read*, (we find in black and white) wrote '*redde*.'

sendent—ef they wur properioters of land, it must have ben but a foo Patches.—One sign uv my footer greatness in the jumpin way, wus, that my mammy, afore i wus bawn, went allmost extracted with, wat is cawld, the *jumpin* tooth ake.

Wen i wus n't over sick munce old, my genus begun to be dewollopt; fur i jumpt out o' nigger Nanny's arms into a wash tub o' sope suds.

At too ears of age, my head wus well nye turnd with wunderment, to see my old Granny's stays; cawse in them are times peeple cawld em *jumps*. Wen i got to be a notion bigger, it wus nuts to me to set in a stable, and see the flees *jump*; and wen the boys plade at leap-frog, my hart wus about as nye bustin, as that are won they tell on in the Fabel.

But nothin never not at no time guv me sich satisfaction—tho i wus quite a leetle toad—as to start the big old bull frogs out uv our medder inter a ditch, fur them are *jumps* wus natur's raal jimastics.

Wen i growed a grain older, i went to skool, and i recklect the master sed 'only mind your i Sam, and u will no witch way the cat *jumps* to a T.' Wen i kame acrost enny hard wurds, sich as Rockaway, or Stoninton, uv more then too sillybubs, i felt a sorter itchin to *skip* over em, and then agin i felt a sorter itchin to spel em; but more of a sorter itchin to *skip* em then a sorter not.

Wen i got into the reedin class, i red a boyhograffy uv the larned Pig, and felt a kinder genus fur *littery* pursoots; so i bawt frum Sam Wax the snob, a old awl-mynick to reed about *leap* year.

Mammy wus allays arter me to larn a trade—but my genus made me go into a store, cause the folks said i mought be a *counter jumper*, but i had an idee my genus did 'nt take to *dry* goods.

Arter that, i carried a haus on my sholeder, and took to sawin wood, witch guv me a taste for the Draymay, but my genus went for the ground and lofty *tumblein*. Then i had an ear for moosick—witch on em 'twas i don't no.: but i never cood set out a song witch did 'nt end with '*down, down, down, derry down.*'

Then i took to wurkin on the Earee Cawnawl, only fur the pleshure of heerin Barney Rooney tawk about the *Sammon-leaps* in Dublin, neer Eyereland.

i allays had a mitey notion fur water (i meen x tar-nally) and wen I wa'nt over four feet five, i made no grate shakes of jumpin frum the mast-hed of old Yaup Hondschoon's perriaugur into hell-gate.

Well, finally, to make a long story short, i went on jumpin down in diffrent places as quick as winkin, and i rose by leetle and leetle in the line of my purfeshun, till i got to Patterson Falls in the Jarseys.

But Nyeaggerer wus the place ware i kiverd myself with glory, and rapt the world in raptur, from Buffalo to Bomboy. That jump wus a snorter—i shall

never forgit it as long as i chaw pigtail. i wus drest all in wite, and lookt like a short-six goin to be dipt.

The siene wus magnifishent and poetickle—it wus as ef natur wus a shakin uv a wet *sheet* over the *bed* of the river ; or as ef so menny mammoth soday pipes, was a playin into a monstrous bole uv Saucerpereller Mead.

The genus uv the catract, rumbled as tho it had ben trubled with wind ; but says i to myself says i ‘neck or nothin—here goes’—wen at that interested momunt, i felt myself upun the pint uv—sneezin—my mouth was haf opun, and my i’s three parts shot,—But how shell i prescribe my fillings of joy, when my half sneeze was chang’d to a gape ; so I summonsd all my fortytood, and started—i feel’d, i seed, i heerd no more, till my head wus out o’ water, and bobbin amongst the froth, like a huckleberry on the top uv a pail uv furmented beer—and wen i got ashore, you mought have heerd the hurraws to Halifax. -

Hoo wood n’t be a hero ? hoo wood n’t be proud of the shouts, witch is shouted fur a Ginral what conkers with his swored, and a jugular what swallers it—fur a patriot and a prize-fighter—for mounshieer Chawbear, what goes into hot bakin ovens, and Sam Patch what jumps into boilin wurlpools.—But this shall be my *last* jump and’—

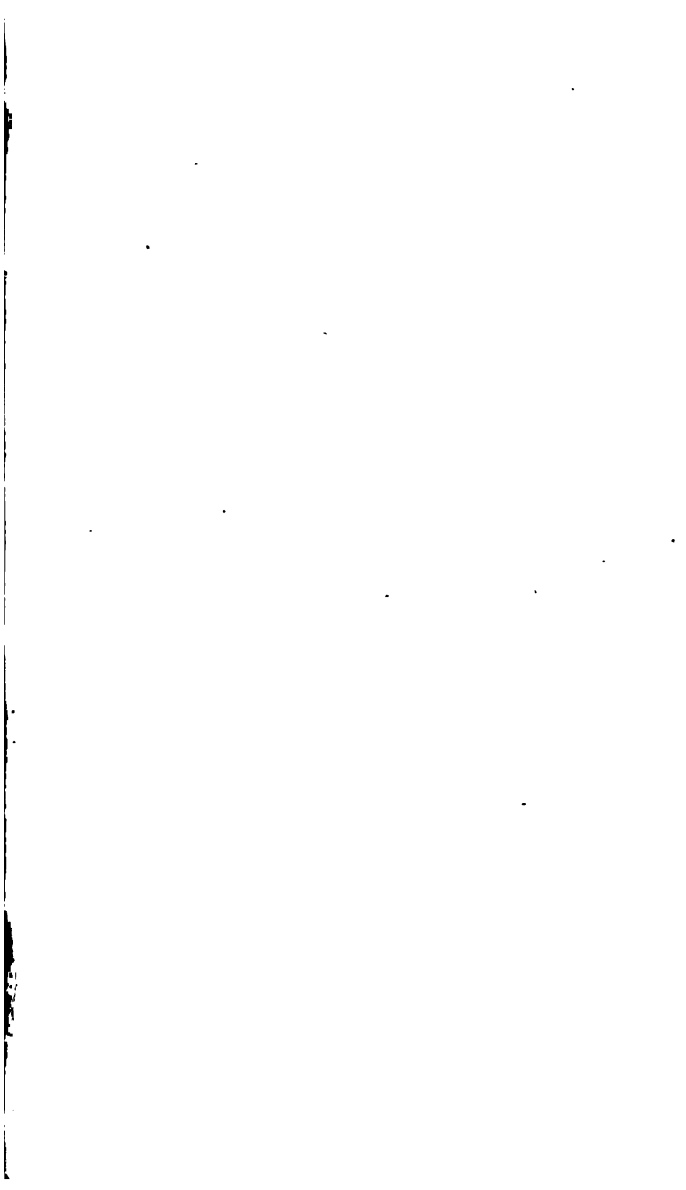
Gentle Reader, it *was* his last jump.—The lesson is instructive. It will serve to teach you, that in

all the concerns and contentions of our little life, the trials of temper—the propensities of passion—the many temptations that make the sweet music of social combinations discordant—if you would keep yourself and others out of harm's way, adopt and act up to this homely precept: *Look, before you leap.*

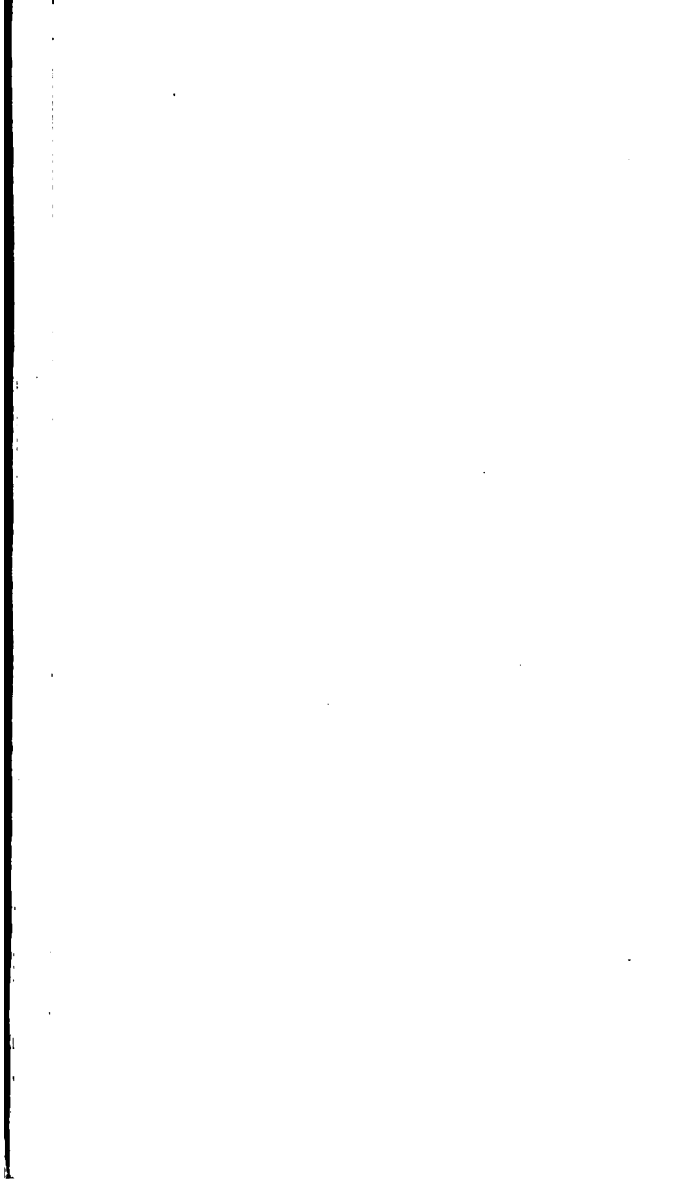
And now we bid you good bye. If we have gladdened a few moments, and helped you to *hop* merrily over the thorny hedges and dirty ditches, which perchance may have saddened your path, we have taken the wisest *step*, and we trust that your only regret will be, that this is *our*

Lost Leap Leaf.





tid non
Hh





JUN 21 1944

